

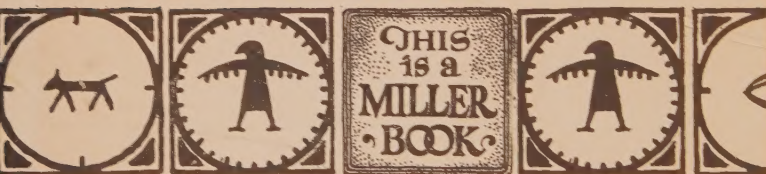
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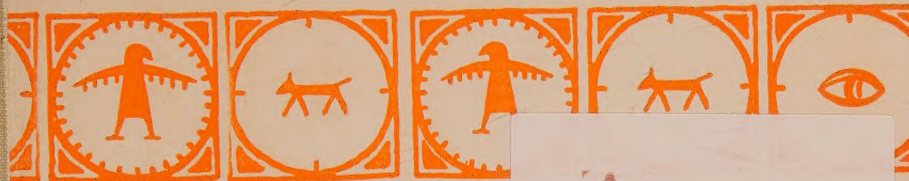


ALDEN G. MEREDITH



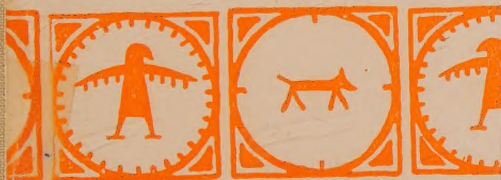
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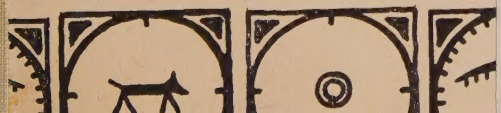
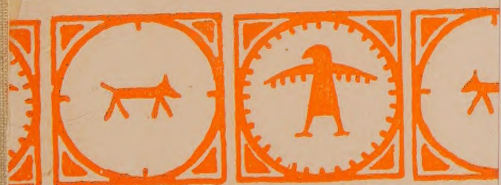


Mary's Rosedale &
Little York - Alden

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MARY'S ROSEDALE
AND GOSSIP OF
"LITTLE YORK"



The Thunder Bird




A Mark of Canadian Quality

MARY'S ROSEDALE

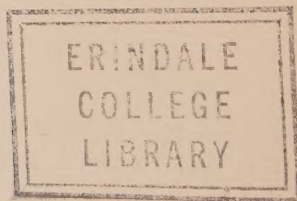
AND GOSSIP OF
"LITTLE YORK"

ALDEN G. MEREDITH



THE GRAPHIC PUBLISHERS
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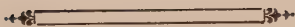
CONTENTS



	PAGE
PROLOGUE—TO ROSEDALE.....	13
ROSEDALE.....	19
MARY'S FATHER-IN-LAW.....	23
PIRATES.....	28
TO THE FOOT OF THE SPANISH THRONE.....	31
THE SHERIFF.....	41
THE ROMANTIC EPISODE.....	45
DEVELOPMENT.....	60
COMPARISONS.....	65
THE FOREST DEATH FEAST.....	77
OLD BY'S CANAL.....	81
YORK VS. TORONTO.....	92
TO THE GEORGIAN BAY IN 1835.....	98
PREMONITIONS.....	112
THE LITTLE "ILL-BUILT TOWN".....	116
A JOURNEY IN "A RAIL-CAR".....	122
THE REBELLION.....	127
THE FLIGHT FROM ROSEDALE.....	133
THE SHERIFF'S PICKET.....	143
AWAKE AT LAST.....	147
THE EXECUTION.....	152
THE FANCY DRESS BALL.....	155
THE OREGON QUESTION.....	167
MAKING PLANS.....	171
MARY IN ENGLAND.....	176
BACK IN TORONTO.....	193
WEDDING BELLS.....	201
TRINITY COLLEGE.....	210
ANNIVERSARIES.....	223
JOURNEYS NEAR AND FAR.....	236
PALACES OF GLASS.....	244
ANXIETIES.....	257
THE VETERANS OF 1812.....	263
PERSONNEL OF GROUP PHOTOS.....	266
SOURCES OF INFORMATION.....	269
AUTHORITIES CONSULTED.....	269
REFERENCES.....	271

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Frontispiece— <i>Mary Jarvis</i>	
" <i>Rosedale</i> ," 1832, from <i>Yonge Street</i>	19
<i>William Dummer Powell</i>	39
<i>Medal given by Chief Justice and Mrs. Powell to their children and grandchildren upon the fiftieth anni- versary of their marriage</i>	57
<i>The Rosedale Elm. A seedling of 1830</i>	98
<i>Anne Murray Powell, wife of William Dummer Powell, Chief Justice of Upper Canada</i>	123
<i>John Powell escapes from the rebels and warns Toronto</i> . . .	130
<i>William Botsford Jarvis</i>	167
" <i>Rosedale</i> ," 1854, from the lawn	227
<i>Sheriff Jarvis and his daughters, 1854</i>	236
<i>General Williams, Hero of "Kars," presents prizes to Militia. Rosedale, October 23rd, 1861</i>	263
<i>Veterans of 1812 at Rosedale. October 23rd, 1861</i>	266



TO
C. P. M.



WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

It looks like fiction—

But it's mostly fact.

Set forth 'tis hoped

With more or less of tact.

A touch of Romance,

And a little Hist'ry

A spice of Scandal

And the lure of Mystery.

A picture faintly seen

Through drifting mists;

A garden whose once gay flowers

The sun has kissed.

A curtain lifted,

From the past year sealing

The happiness, the hopes, the tears

At last revealing.



" Mary Jartiss."



INTRODUCTION

In intimate connection with Toronto's pioneer days are the homes of its early settlers, especially of those whose personalities or distinction of achievement made them figures in the public eye a century ago.

Some of these homes exist as they were originally built; others have been partially or totally obliterated by time and the phenomenal growth of the city, and though certain of these have already been recorded there are others which will merge into the shadows if an effort is not made to retouch the disintegrating picture with fresh colours for the benefit of the present and coming generations.

To the average Toronto citizen to-day "ROSEDALE" is a certain section of the city; a favoured section, of fine residences, beautiful gardens and winding roads; of bridges that span the deep ravines separating it from the rest of the city, making it difficult of approach and maze for the questing stranger.

But just a century ago (1827) "ROSEDALE" was the name of a home—half farm, half country estate—owned by William Botsford Jarvis, High Sheriff of the Home District; and it is about him and his family (all of whom were United Empire Loyalists or children of Loyalists and who were all members of the much-maligned Family Compact) and the relation that they each and all bore to the events of that period that this story is written.

There is but little continuity about it, for as each character appears from out the mists of the past, his or her life is so interesting as to demand a separate introduction; and while it may never attain to the dignity of being called a new chapter of history, yet its facts have been gleaned from personal letters written by the different members of the family and as yet unpublished, or from authentic contemporary sources.

OTTAWA,

1928.

PROLOGUE

"TO ROSEDALE"

IN THE gravelled driveway leading up to a frame building on Front Street* in "muddy little York," a building showing in the rear portion the logs of its pioneer construction, stands a coach. It is indeed not an elegant vehicle—being built to give good service in times when a corduroy road is more often to be found than a highway, and the terrors of the "Blue Hill" on Yonge Street is a bye word in the district. A pair of horses in heavily brass-mounted harness are standing sedately enough, save for the stamping of their hoofs, impatient at the persistent attacks of the summer flies.

The door of the house opens. Two elderly people come out and pause for a moment to contemplate the beauty of the day, and of the landscape before them.

The sunlight, caught by the rippling waters of the bay, laughs back a bright reflection. It lights up the sails of the many boats that flit across the blue waters, flashes upon the wet uplifted paddle of an Indian with a bark canoe full of fish on his way to the landing beach and the market place, picks out the highly-polished brass of the harness and guilds the bright yellow paint of the coach, till it gleams like a golden chariot of old.

* The house was on the north side of Front Street between Simcoe and York Streets.

The old people, who stand looking out with sober satisfaction over that placid summer scene, are worth the touch of a skilled artist's pencil—words do them but poor justice.

The lady, who is drawing on long black gloves, carries herself with an air of conscious distinction. Dressed in a voluminous costume of rich black silk, over which is loosely thrown a short tippet of ermine. Upon her head a wondrous cap of stiff frilled muslin, with many ribbon bows and more intricate frills of lace, is tied with broad strings of ribbon. A prim row of curls is permitted to appear under the cap, softening the outline of a brow that is both high and intellectual. Heavy horn-rimmed spectacles shadow eyes that might be kindly but for the severity of the tight-set lips and strong jaw that have an almost masculine formation.

It is a strong dominating face, indicative of the high stern principles that have guided her life. A life full of hardships in its early years, and of bitter disappointments and sorrows. She has indeed had a full share of those things deemed the attributes of success by the wordly—for Anne Murray Powell is the wife of the Chief Justice of Upper Canada, a position which she never forgets nor lets others forget.

The indomitable pride that lies at the root of her whole character has sustained her through the tragic deaths of four of her children; through the terrible ordeals encountered when, as United Empire Loyalists, they were driven from their home in Boston, and through the daily trials of every-day

life under conditions that might daunt the stoutest heart. She has buried her personal sorrows and disappointments deep down under a manner courteous indeed at all times, but cold and haughty, rarely relaxing save to her two grandchildren upon whom she lavished the affection that she had suppressed towards her own son—their father.

As with a courtly gesture the old gentleman stretches out his hand to assist her into the waiting coach, his figure comes into sharp relief against the white boarding of the house. He is a man of short, almost diminutive, stature; but so well does he hold himself, so poised are all his attitudes, that his person is at once dignified and proud.

His small but clearly-cut features are lighted up for the moment as he catches sight of his friend and neighbour, Doctor Strachan, and pauses to exchange a silent salutation. His expression is rather stern, not unkind perhaps, but cold and keen. A man to be feared and respected rather than loved. Years of judicial life, private disappointment and political encounters have all lent their influences in moulding this striking countenance. Chief Justice William Dummer Powell is a man of force and power in Upper Canada in 1827.

Life has given both of these old people hard buffets. Theirs has not been an easy path to travel; but ever have they pressed onward finding in each new phase of life new interests, and keeping close in their grasp the reins of family domination. The iron will of the Chief Justice works not only in his

own acts, but through him, in the persons of his sons, sons-in-law and grandsons-in-law. It is no wonder that he is known as the doyen of the "Family Compact."

Settling themselves in the roomy interior of the coach, the Chief Justice gives the signal "to Rosedale," and the vehicle rolls slowly through the gates and along Front Street.

Their eyes rest for a moment upon the house opposite their own, belonging to Dr. Strachan, upon which the workmen are still busy. It has been of great interest to the entire neighbourhood for many months. The Chief Justice describes it with dry humour, as "that Palace built in anticipation of a mitre."

The residence of Mr. Justice Boulton, a large white wooden house setting far back amid its sheltering trees, lies upon their left, as also the house of Mr. James McCauley and the rustic cottage of Major Hillier, A.D.C. to Sir Peregrine Maitland.

Rounding the corner, the coach passes into the "shopping district" of Yonge Street, and pauses for a moment that Mrs. Powell may make a purchase at Ridout's Hardware Store.

Leaving the town of York at Lot Street (later to be called Queen), they cross the little bridge where a farmer and his wife in a rough country waggon have driven into the stream to water their horses, and roll along the dusty highway that leads straight as an arrow before them to the little village of Yorkville.

The horses slacken their pace as they climb the slight rise in the road called the "sand hills" and sometimes "clover hill", where stands the barn in the shadow of which the last duel in York was fought, between young John Ridout and Samuel Peters Jarvis.

Madam Powell turns her head away with an unconscious sigh and fixes her eyes upon the rolling fields of ripening grain. It is not well to remember the indiscretions of one's connections.

As the coach comes in sight of the swinging board upon which an animal purporting to be a Lion threatens, rather than welcomes, tired travellers or thirsty souls, the horses come to a standstill and the owner of the Red Lion Tavern, Mr. Tiers, steps forward from the arched gateway of the coach-yard with a bow and a smile for Madam to see if he can be of service. Business is brisk these days, for the roads are dry, and customers many, and the yard buzzes with the demands of a varied collection of travellers, wishful for the "bait for man and beast" as advertised by "mine host."

The whole village of Yorkville is but a small cluster of houses centering about the Red Lion Tavern upon land originally owned by Sheriff Jarvis and Mr. Bloor. These two men have laid out the scheme, sold the land in small blocks and in consequence a thriving village has rapidly grown up.

Comments upon the weather, and enquiries as to supplies being exchanged, the coachman touches up his horses and the coach continues onward up Yonge

Street at a brisk pace. They pass the neat villa of Dr. Horne and the intersection of Davenport Road; then turning to the right the coach dips sharply down the side of the ravine, rattling over another wooden bridge spanning the swift and noisy creek. With a scrambling run, the horses breast the incline on the other side and with straining flanks drag the heavy load up the long hill and swing at last in at the gates of "Rosedale", opened hospitably wide for the old people's expected visit.

They have come to pay a formal call upon their granddaughter Mary, who has, in her recent marriage, so nearly fulfilled their hopes and desires, when she chose for her husband young William Botsford Jarvis, High Sheriff of the Home District.



Hamden, 1894, from York Street.
From a Contemporary Sketch by James W. Hamilton.

ROSEDALE

SUMMER sunshine, summer roses on the hill-sides, and a summer bride standing upon the well-clipped lawn that spreads itself about her, sloping in a gentle curve into the hedge of acacia trees that fringe the crest of the deep ravine upon the edge of which stands the comfortable rough-cast house of which she is now the happy mistress.

She smiles as she gazes across to the farther side of the ravine, where through a gap in the trees a glimpse of the highway to York is visible. Her smile is one of whimsical humour, slightly tinged with apprehension. Her grandparents who have in reality taken the place of the parents that fate took from her in infancy, are coming to-day, to make their first formal visit to her home after her marriage, and she knows that the house will be inspected from top-most lumber room to farthest outshed, and there are many things of which she is extremely doubtful that "dear grandmamma" will approve.

A flash of light catches her eye, as the yellow coach passes through the roadside trees, and the sound as of muffled thunder comes to her ears as it crosses the loose-laid planks of the bridge. One glance of youthful and satisfied inspection of the flounces of her rose pink muslin, and one pat of the small black satin apron that covers the front and which she hopes "dear grandmamma" will admire, and she turns back to the threshold to await their arrival, trying to invest her welcome with the

due amount of formality that she knows will be expected of her.

Greetings over, Mary leads them across the lawn to see the glory of the ravine before the afternoon shadows shall dim the brilliant colours of the foliage and wildflowers. The acacias are in bloom and from the depths of the big-leaved basswoods that scent the summer breeze can be heard the deep murmur of countless swarms of bees, while trilling high and clear above the other forest voices, come the ecstatic song of the *O Sweet, Sweet Canada, Canada, Canada*.

"See the roses, dear grandmamma; thousands of them. Did I not do well to call this dear place 'Rosedale'?"

In the entrance hall, with its walnut woodwork, a tall clock, but lately arrived from England, ticks sedately. Mary leads them from room to room, eager that they shall be pleased and full of the plans that "Mr. Jarvis" has for future changes and embellishments.

Though chary of compliment in speech, the old people are pleased withal, and had she but known it, what pleased them most was the flush of health upon her cheeks and the light of happiness in her eyes.

Rosedale had, until recently, been bachelor's hall for Stephen Jarvis, renowned old veteran of many wars and his youngest son William, owner of the estate purchased some years before from the builder, Mr. Small. Though comfortable and of fair size, but little in the way of decoration had been done to it,

and its furnishings had that touch of stiffness that invests all purely masculine habitations.

Mary felt that her hands were indeed full—that in developing both house and grounds lay scope for her taste and skill, both of which were of no mean order, and in which she was willingly indulged and assisted by her husband. For the present they were alone at Rosedale—Mary's father-in-law being on a visit to his son George at Cornwall, a fact commented upon with some satisfaction by Mrs. Powell.

Relationship counted for more than a mere unavoidable legal tie; it was a bond, as well as a tie, and Mary, in accepting her husband, had sweetly and philosophically accepted his family obligations. She herself had such a large assemblage of grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins—all with pronounced peculiarities of disposition—that she was skilled in the exercise of affectionate diplomacy and in obtaining her own way without friction.

The visit passed off with greater ease than Mary had hoped, and as the afternoon shadows lengthened Mrs. Powell rose to go. As they reached the front door there was the sound of horse's hoofs upon the gravel and Sheriff William rides briskly up. Throwing his reins to Wilson, his man-servant, who comes running from the direction of the stables, the Sheriff advances with a cordial smile to greet his grandparents-in-law with whom he is a great favourite.

Sheriff Jarvis had a pleasing personality and a manner that won and kept for him life-long friendships. A man well over middle height, slim of

figure and vigourous of movement, giving the impression of alertness both in mind and body and in the little lines clustering about his eyes, faint though they were, for he was but twenty-eight, indications of the humourous bent of his kindly nature could be seen.

Satisfied, indeed, might the grandparents of Mary Powell be that her heart had been given into safe keeping.

MARY'S FATHER-IN-LAW.

COLONEL STEPHEN JARVIS lived for many years at "Rosedale" in his old age. His early life is a colourful romance, full of records of hair-breadth escapes and many hardships. All his achievements were won in the face of intense opposition, which could have only yielded to an iron will and a cast-iron constitution. That he should have attained the age of eighty-four was remarkable.

Born on a farm in Connecticut, he was denied the higher education that he yearned for and was put to the unwilling drudgery of farm labour at twelve years of age. The Revolution freed him from that only to hurl him into the smelting pot of war.

Though he and his family were loyalist to the core, he joined the draft of militia garrisoning New York to gain freedom from his uncongenial surroundings. Finding his position there intolerable, he escaped by canoe across the Sound to a British sloop lying at Huntington.

With a heart filled with bitterness against his father, not only for his harshness about his education, but for refusing him permission to marry Amelia Glover to whom he was deeply attached, and for many other reasons, he threw himself heart and soul into the loyalist cause and his first act was to assist in conveying and guiding a party of troops to destroy rebel supplies of great value.

He joined the British Army as a Sergeant, and in this capacity took part in many skirmishes and

engagements in and around New York. He had been promised a commission and was determined to win it soon. His conduct during this period has been described as intrepid in the extreme, but notwithstanding that he was mentioned again and again for his gallantry, he did not receive the coveted commission until an expedition was being fitted out for Virginia under the command of General Leslie—and Jarvis was made Lieutenant in Colonel Campbell's Regiment of Dragoons.

After serving some time in Virginia, the Dragoons were sent on garrison duty to Florida for a year, when Lieutenant Jarvis was given leave, and returned to New York. From Lord Howe he obtained permission to spend some time with his family at Danbury.

His military reputation now stood him in good stead. His father was no longer able to refuse his consent to a son in whom he took great pride, and the wedding day was definitely fixed. Local jealousy and hatred of the family's loyalist principles interfered with their arrangements, so the wedding was carried out in haste and secrecy and he and his bride had to travel separately to New York. Matters were but little better in New York than they had been in Danbury. Though theoretically peace had been declared, the lives and property of the loyalists were in constant danger and his wife was obliged to return with his father while he rejoined his regiment which was fortunately removed to Halifax and disbanded.

Through the influence of General Washington, too good a soldier himself to bear rancour against individuals, Lieutenant Jarvis was again enabled to obtain permission to return to his family, and for a brief space enjoyed in peace the society of his wife and relations.

Local feeling, however, still ran high, and matters became so uncomfortable that a move to Canada was decided upon. Jarvis sailed for Saint John, New Brunswick, leaving his wife and child in his father's care. After many vicissitudes, he finally landed in Fredericton with half a guinea in his pocket.

His intrepid wife—braving the dangers and dire discomforts of travel—joined him a few months later; and without a house, with only the barest necessities of life, they faced their first winter in Canada.

Better fortune came to them rapidly, and Lieutenant Jarvis obtained a military appointment: with the commissions of Captain, Major of Brigade, Deputy Adjutant General and Lieutenant-Colonel following each other in rapid succession. Added to this he was allowed to carry on the duties of post-master.

In 1807 the engagement took place between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, and for a time the grim shadow of war again hovered over them. Colonel Jarvis immediately offered his services. They were received and accepted, when one of those

pettinesses of official maladministration so often to be found in military records occurred; when the troops were called out, another officer was put in command.

Colonel Jarvis, angered and disgusted at this slight, resigned his positions and made arrangements to move to York; a decision of much magnitude to his family, as the difficulties of travel and of transportation of household goods were well-nigh impossible.

In the summer of 1809 they commenced their tedious journey up the St. Lawrence from Saint John in a small coasting vessel, touching at Halifax and staying for a time at Quebec, where their youngest daughter was married to Major Maule of the 104th Regiment. Leaving Quebec, they journeyed by Durham boats up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, stopping long enough to collect some supplies—and onward again to Kingston. Changing there to a small sailing vessel, they finally arrived in York a month after leaving Fredericton.

Once at York the process of settling and establishing some kind of a home had to be commenced again before the grants of land given by the Government to himself and his eldest son could be located. With his half-pay as a Colonel and a small public office, this was accomplished in a temporary manner.

1812 saw the land given over to war—the little town of York a burning ruin and Colonel Jarvis and many other officers prisoners in the hands of the Americans.

After his release, Colonel Jarvis resigned from the Army and entered business at York. Upon the retirement of Governor Gore, the administration of the Government was in the interim in the hands of Colonel Smith, a warm friend, and through him he obtained the position of Registrar of the Home District and also that of Usher of the Black Rod in the House of Assembly—an office to which his military bearing and precision of dress, enhanced by the costume of the day, eminently fitted him. His picture shows him in a high collar, long-tailed coat, tight “small clothes,” buckled shoes, white ruffled shirt finished by a high black silk stock and ruffles at his wrist.

Though the fashion of short hair was just beginning to find favour among the younger set of men, Colonel Jarvis retained to the last his habit of wearing his hair in a queue. In a modified form, this costume is worn by the holder of that office at the present time.

PIRATES

ALTHOUGH Mary Powell was but three years old (too young at the time to understand the cause of her grandfather's absence in England), she knew later in life that it was to find Uncle Jeremiah, a prisoner of Spain.

Had Mary been a boy she would probably have been much more keenly interested, for "Uncle Jeremiah" was as near to being a "pirate" as most families can boast of—and what boy or girl has not thrilled to the romance that surrounds the very name?

Jeremiah was Mary's fourth "uncle", the third of the Powell sons to meet an early and tragic death; and his story, together with the history of his father's efforts in his behalf, are stories of adventure, hardship and peril worthy of a volume in themselves.

Jeremiah—handsome, gifted and energetic—was sent in his early 'teens to England to be educated in the peaceful atmosphere of a Norwich village, under the care of his mother's relatives, the elder Murrays.

Perhaps the atmosphere was too peaceful or the boy too energetic or perhaps it was the war fever that was surging over England, for he soon became restless and, slipping quietly away, joined a volunteer regiment.

This was greatly against his father's wishes, and not being able at the time to afford the price for a commission or the necessary training to obtain it, his father insisted upon his return to Canada and

later placed him in a counting house in New York, where his real ability and aptitude for business quickly developed. He prospered and made some successful ventures on his own account.

An offer from a firm doing business with the native "Emperor" of Hayti lured him into a new venture. In all good faith he purchased goods from a New York firm, landed at Hayti with the cargo and opened a place of business. The venture was most unfortunate; the goods when opened were not of the quality specified, and Jeremiah had to bear the brunt of the anger of the native "Emperor" and his friends. Things looked very serious indeed, and he was actually in danger of his life, when the ship *Leander* with Miranda and his "gentlemen adventurers," bound for Venezuela upon a dubious and secret mission, arrived in the harbour.

Miranda was attracted by young Powell's appearance and needed the assistance of every able-bodied man that he could get. He concealed the real nature of his adventure (the separation of Venezuela from Spain) from Powell and pictured instead the superior advantages and openings for trade in Venezuela.

Powell, who saw in it his only chance of escape from a very real and present danger, accepted Miranda's offer—and when the ship, accompanied by two smaller vessels, sailed, Powell was on board.

Spain, however, was not ignorant of Miranda's early history or the past and present movements of the *Leander*; and when the adventurers landed

at Porto Cavello, they were pounced upon by two Spanish ships.

Jeremiah, to his regret, had gathered information regarding the nature of the expedition on the way over. He had the wit to destroy his papers when he saw the Spaniards approaching, and when captured with the others, was spared the immediate death sentence meted out to ten other unfortunate "pirates"—whose heads, placed upon long poles, decorated the Spanish ships the next day. Powell and some others were put on board the captor's vessel, which set sail for Boca Chica.

For more than a year he suffered imprisonment. During this time he amused himself by carving a wonderful set of chess men in ivory which he sent to his fiancée. At her death, they were given to his relatives and have been carefully preserved by them.

By the almost superhuman efforts of his father he was released and after a time returned to York to his much-tried parents.

Fate, however, seemed to have marked him down. A position having been obtained for him on the Island of Curacoa, he sailed from New York—only to find when he landed that the position had already been filled.

Angered and disgusted, he determined to go to England and demand from Miranda, living in affluence and comfort there, some compensation for his many misfortunes. He sailed—but neither he nor the ship were ever again heard of.

So died the fourth child of William Dummer Powell.

TO THE FOOT OF THE SPANISH THRONE

THERE were anxious days in the frame house on Front Street during the time that Judge Powell was away, and Mrs. Powell had to cope with difficulties and anxieties—keeping up her share of the entertaining of strangers and dignitaries that her husband might not lose friends or influence by his absence.

The story of that time is told vividly and accurately in the voluminous correspondence of Judge and Mrs. Powell, some of which has already been published but which must necessarily be much abbreviated in this story.

After making arrangements to have his work carried on in his absence by his son John Powell, Clerk of the Assizes, Judge Powell hurried to New York and commenced to forge, link by link, the chain of influence that was to lead him eventually to the foot of the Spanish throne.

Influence, personal favour and politics were the materials; and business men, lawyers, doctors, military attachés and ladies of political influence were the links which, joined to one another, led him onward day by day, week by week, and month by month, as patiently, persistently and cheerfully he travelled from one country to another—his determination and hope never wavering as long as he heard that his son was still alive.

Judge Powell says, somewhere in his correspondence:—

"Pause at this period of my narrative to review the singular means by which an obscure individual in the wilds of Western America, without a single link to connect him with any interest in Europe, from Step to Step obtain such an introduction to the Court of Madrid as could certainly not be exceeded; when it is considered by what accidental circumstances these successive advantages were procured, the mind is lost in wonder."

Judge Powell forgot that he had a position that was not altogether obscure. He travelled as the Chief Justice of Upper Canada, and Canada was beginning to loom above the horizon in the political topics of the day in London. His generous hospitality, which, through his wife's ability, he had been enabled to offer to Governors, Judges and persons of influence in Upper Canada combined with such a powerful personality as he undoubtedly possessed, could not fail to have materially assisted him.

After some months in the United States he proceeded to England, using skilfully every letter of introduction that was accorded to him, and finally, with the assistance of Lord Holland, succeeded in obtaining the necessary passports and letters of introduction to the Court of Spain.

His experiences after reaching Buenos Ayres (Portugal) are best told in his own words.

Armed with all these potent Implements, and personal introductions from the Countess Deyenhaussen

to her brother and friends in Portugal, I left London in Company with Don Pedro de Landecherry & nine packages of Dispatches in the Mail Coach for Falmouth. My Agent had advanced me £200 for the journey, part of which I gave to Mr. Gordon for a Credit on Mayne & Brown of Lisbon. We embarked in the Packet and the tenth day landed in Lisbon.

Among the Passengers was a Mr. Buller, Son of a rich Merchant in London, formerly resident at Bristol. This young Gentleman who had travelled and was well received in the best Houses in Lisbon advised me not to go into the City with Don Pedro, but to take my Quarter in Buenos Ayres, as more pleasant, healthy & respectable. Mrs. Wyndham, Lady of the Secretary of State, had with great kindness put me on a good footing with the English Envoy by a letter from his most intimate friend Mr. Byng, and Mr. Buller who was known to Lord Strangford, accompanied me in my first visit to his Ldp.

The Spanish Ambassador the Count de Camp de Alangué was with the Court at Mafra, and as Don Pedro Landecherry was known to the Secretary of Legation, Don Pedro de Castro, we proceeded to that Convent in a hired Calesino.

It is impossible to convey to an Englishman any Idea of the wretchedness of the accommodation on the Route to this Royal Residence or of the Hamlet at the foot of the Convent. Our Impatience did not permit us to search out the Secretary, but we desired ourselves to be announced to the Ambassador so soon as He should rise from his Siesta.

His Excellency received us with Complacency but declared his utter Inability to grant a Passport to an English Subject under any circumstances, and instanced a strong case of Mr. O'Higgins, Nephew and Heir to the late Viceroy of Peru, who had been waiting six months at Lisbon for Permission from the Court to proceed to Madrid, and that without such express Commission he dared not. His Excellency added that He was about to dispatch a Courier and if we would call at his Hotel the next day in Lisbon, he would state my case to the Minister & solicit the necessary Permission, the fate of which we should learn in ten Days. This check disturbed me much especially as Landecherry had the Dispatches in his Custody and being a Subject of Spain, I was apprehensive he might be induced to deliver them as proposed by the Ambassador to his Receipt.

We returned to our wretched Stable where divided only by a plank from the Mules, we supped upon a cold chicken & a bottle of Champaign & claret which we had had the precaution to bring from Lisbon.

The next morning I visited the Convent, a magnificent Pile of Building capable of receiving the whole Court consisting of several thousand Persons. The Chapels and Colonnades are magnificent, adorned with a profusion of Sculpture in Marble but no paintings. The Library was also a magnificent apartment delightfully airy & light containing many thousand Volumes of well chosen books.

We returned to Lisbon in the Evening, and the next morning I waited on the Nuncio with Lord Hol-

land's letter. This old Courtier, who was nearly allied to the royal family of Portugal, received with the Cordiality of a Parish Priest. He spoke in warm Terms of the English Nation and of Lord & Lady Holland, promised the most active assistance of his Influence and that of his Colleague Gravina, Nuncio at Madrid, by which he confirmed to me that He had saved the Life of the Vice Consul.

When he heard my desponding acct. of my visit to Mafra, he consoled me by saying that the Count could act no otherwise, taken so by Surprise, that He was not in the habits of business, that he was a great rich & powerful Nobleman who gave his name to the Embassy, but that the Secretary was the man of business. That he had the happiness of being well with Don Pedro Evarista, (de Castro) who he should see that Evening & prepare accordingly, that he would wait upon the Ambassador in the Morn and if I would trust myself among so many Clergymen to eat my Soup with him at 2 o'clock. He assured me that he should wish me joy of having conquered that Difficulty of the Passport, and that he would do his utmost to bring the principal affair to a happy close.

Revived by the Nuncio's chearful assurance, I enjoyed a chearful dinner at M. Sitero's whom M. Buller had brought to our Quarters to see and invite me. The party was English, chiefly naval, with the Exception of a young Russian, M. Sus, an Elève of the Russian Diplomacy. The Lady of the House was a Russian, Daughter of Adl. Greig distinguished by her Talent for the living Languages of which she spoke

as correctly as the natives—Russian, English, German, French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese.

We adjourned in the Evening to the Opera, the principal Entertainment of which I could not well appreciate. The orchestra seemed to me numerous and excellent, the Singers indifferent, dancing disgusting from the excessive Nudity of the Females, the room was spacious, but not so well lighted as the English Theatres.

The next day before I went to dinner I visited the royal Carriages and Barges at Jonqueira where I waited upon Donna Leonora, Sister of the Count Ribeira, with my letter for the Marquis D'Alerno and herself. This Lady appeared to take a warm Interest in my Affairs, gave me a private address to a confidential friend of the Marquis D'Alerno, who was actively Commanding on the Frontiers & resided at Villa Viciosa in a sort of Honorable Banishment.

At the Nuncio's I met besides his family consisting of five or six ecclesiasts, a Bishop whose title I forget and two lay men of learning and respectability, both Romans. The Nuncio's reception was gracious to an extreme, he cordially congratulated me upon having succeeded with his friend Don Evarista and assured me that my Passports would be expedited without delay. At Table he politely apologised to the Bishop for placing me above him, by calling on his aid to honour his Stranger Guest in affliction. The Conversation was very general and conducted by the few speakers with Liberality and Spirit, principally in Italian and French. The Secretary of the Nunciature & the Ora-

tor of the House were lively and well informed Men, inquisitive and polite in their communications. It was an agreeable Dinner, at the Close of which whilst taking Coffee, the good Archbishop said to me after the siesta, "I shall devote the evening to my Letters for you. I shall write at length to my Lord Gravina, and in my best manner, persuaded that it will be shown and do your Affair no harm."

The next day I had an audience of the Count de Compo Alange in which I readily perceived the Effect of the Nuncio's friendship and of the Secretary's Influence His Ldp. was gracious and almost affectionate, assuring me that he had communicated my Story to the Minister & his particular friends, with the hope of serving me & wished me the most ample Success.

Don Pedro Evarista de Castro led us from his Audience to his Apartments where a note was taken to fill up our Passports & tho in French interest Don Pedro politely said in honoring my frankness and Courage in the explicit Account of myself I had given to the Ambassador, that the English were all Candour, but as that Virtue was not so general in the Peninsula, he should forbear to excite Curiosity by giving any Addition to my name in the Passport, in which I should be considered as sharing a joint Trust with Landecherry as Bearer of the royal Dispatches which would entitle to all sort of Protection on the Route.

From him we proceeded to the Police Office to visé our Passport, and I accompanied Mr. Buller by Invitation to St. Martha, the English Hotel. There was

a select party of Eight at Lord Strangford's Table, where the Conversation was gay and cheerful. His Lordship took occasion before we parted to pass a Bumper of Burgundy to the Success of my Journeys to Madrid, by which I found the Guests were acquainted with my Errand as they all cordially joined in the wish with Expressions of a lively interest. We adjourned to the Opera.

The next day was spent in preparation for our Journey, a Coche de Cordilleras was engaged to put us down in seven days & a half for 300 Dollars. Mr. Buller dined with Landecherry, at 6 o'clock an Estafette from the Nuncio delivered his paquet with a polite and most friendly note. At Eleven we embarked below the Exchange for Aldeia Gallaga.

At the appointed hour we reached Madrid the seventh day and finding the Court to be at Aranjuez I repaired thither the next morning having first delivered my letters to Mr. Murphy, to Mr. Hunter, to Count Da Ega, and to the Nuncio, Gravina, I prepared a Petition to the King of Spain, which the Count Da Ega presented to Cevallos the nominal Prime Minister. This was dated the 6 June and on the 9th Mr. Murphy accompanied me to the Levee of the Prince of the Peace, to whom I presented Letters from Lord Holland and Dr. Jenner together with a Copy of my petition to the King. It was graciously received, and in the Evening I received a Card from the Countess Da Ega to say that the Prince of the Peace had just given orders for the Release of my Son.

On the 10th an Under Secretary Don Go. de Cour-



William Dummer Powell
Chief Justice of Upper Canada.

tois waited upon me at my Hotel to present the Royal Decree for the unconditional release of my Son, and at the same time a particular command to the Governor General of Venezuela, to receive me with hospitality should I wish his Government in person to receive him.

The Nuncio (Gravina) had come to Court from Toledo expressly to urge my affair and now called to congratulate me on a Success which he had not contributed to but found settled on his Arrival at the Situs from a visit to the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo. I received the same day Congratulations from the Countess of Ega, and her sister the Countess Federsca Doyenhaussen, from Mrs. Hunter, the resident's Lady, from the Count Colona, Commandant of the Spanish Guards influenced by the orders of the Duke of Orleans, and in the Evening at the Theatre, from the ladies of all the several Secretaries, who had learned the rapid Success of my application to the King. The kind attentions of Mr. Hunter and Mr. Gordon followed me to Madrid, with Letters of Introduction to Lisbon and on the Route.

I arrived at this Port the ninth day from Madrid, and found a Packet had dropped down the River that day. I engaged a Boat to follow her and got on board the Walsingham that night, and arrived in England, and Communicating to the Lords of the Admiralty the Event of my Journey, they were pleased to expedite an order to the Admiral at Jamaica to send down a Vessel of War with the dispatches & to receive my Son & give him a passage to England if desired.

My object in Europe thus obtained I embarked for N. York and visiting the Marquis de Irujo at Philadelphia a License for a fast sailing sloop to proceed to Carthagena with the quadruplicate dispatch, in which my Son embarked and returned in health to the bosom of his family.

THE SHERIFF

TO MAKE the useful administrative life of William Botsford Jarvis appear at first sight as interesting as that of his father Stephen is difficult. For one thing, he is that much nearer to us in the picture, and the clearer seen the less romantic does a man appear.

He had memories of the long weary journey taken by his parents from Fredericton to York; the fatigue, the restlessness of his small body cooped up in the overcrowded boats; the intervals of excitement as they passed through Quebec where his sister was married, and the journey in Durham boats up the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Kingston; and shortly after, the last stage of the journey to York.

The question of education for himself and his brothers had to be faced by their parents immediately after their arrival, and William and his brother George started their lessons in the only available school—that kept by Doctor Stuart. It was a low stone building more fitted for a cow shed or a root house than a school, but the best that was to be had, and there they sat upon the rough wooden benches with the other “young gentlemen,” sons of York’s first families, and learned the rudiments of Latin Grammar and other subjects.

This school, if it could be called one, was taken over by Doctor Strachan (later Bishop Strachan) but lately come from Cornwall, and William con-

tinued his studies, no doubt punctuated by the thrashings that the Doctor thought indispensable to the rearing of a man.

He remembered the sacking and burning of York, the days of uncertainty and dreadful anxiety; his envy of his elder brother George, who had volunteered to go to Detroit. His father refused him permission as he was but fourteen, and the boy had cried angrily, vowing he would go somehow. Later he had slipped away to Niagara and enlisted before his father could interfere.

Colonel Jarvis followed him, and seeing that opposition was useless, got him into the 49th Regiment as a gentleman cadet. He took part in the Battle of Queenston Heights and was beside General Brock when he and his A.D.C were both shot.

At sixteen, George Jarvis had been given a command of his own at the Battle of York, and received such commendation for bravery that he was attached to the staff of Sir R. Sheaffe.

During the retreat, he acted as a Commissariat Officer in an emergency, but rejoined his Regiment before the Battle of Stony Creek. He fought his way through the Battle of Beaver Dams, 1813, Fort Schlosser and Black Rock.

He was promoted and transferred to the 48th Regiment before the Battle of Chippewa, July, 1814. Having come through unscathed from the Battle of Lundy's Lane, the storming of Erie, the siege of Fort Erie, George received another promotion and joined the 104th Regiment, and by a special letter from Sir

R. Sheaffe was recommended to H.R.H. the Duke of York.

George had, therefore, in his checkered career, served as cadet, corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, as bombardier, as commissariat officer, captain, major and lieutenant-colonel, as well as a staff officer.

William could remember also his consternation on hearing of his father's capture by the Americans, his realization of his mother's anxiety, and his own responsibilities as "the man of the family".

But fate had in store for him more than a fair share of events, though they were not to take place until a later date.

Meanwhile, hardship, anxieties and discomforts had broken down his mother's health. A Revolution and an invasion, the weary journeyings and the continual battle with circumstances, had been too much for a constitution not overly strong, and in 1819, Amelia Glover Jarvis died.

With the death of his mother, William was left the sole companion of his father, now getting to be an old man. His sister, many years his senior, had married Major Maule and gone to England. George had settled in Cornwall; and Stephen and his son William were all that were left of the family in York.

Stephen was at the time Registrar, but only nominally so, as William was acting as his assistant.

William purchased the Estate of Mr. Small, which was located on the far side of the ravine and

some distance out of York. Here he and his father lived together for many years.

Upon the evidence of a parchment, old and yellow, bearing the great seal of the Province of Upper Canada and the signatures of Sir Peregrine Maitland, J. B. Robinson and D. Cameron, we know that in May, 1827, William Jarvis is, with due legal phraseology, appointed Sheriff of the Home District; and not long after having received the formal sanction of the Chief Justice and Mrs. Powell, he became engaged to their granddaughter, Mary Powell.

Thanks to the habit of collecting and keeping old letters, we are enabled to tell the story of Sheriff Jarvis' life after 1832, in his own words, or those of other members of his family; and there unfolds from out these pages a character study of great strength and sweetness, the story of a man living simply, nobly and unselfishly.

CHAPTER I

THE ROMANTIC EPISODE

THE WEDDING that took place from the quaint Powell mansion in July, 1827, bound by still closer ties the interests of two of the oldest United Empire Loyalist families in York—an event that gave great satisfaction to their entire connection.

Society had become so accustomed to look upon Mary Powell as a daughter of Chief Justice and Mrs. Powell that they forgot at times the story of the sad short lives of her parents.

Mary's father was William Dummer Powell, second son of the Chief Justice. Her mother was Sarah Stevenson.

The two young people were the principal figures in the "romantic episode" alluded to in the local journals; an episode that stirred the little circle of York to its centre, and made them forever the most interesting couple of the period.

Forced into an elopement by the refusal of the Chief Justice to consent to their marriage, they fled on horseback to the house of Mr. Robert Nelles, at Forty Mile Creek, and then rode on to Niagara, where they were married by the Reverend Mr. Addison.

There is both heartfelt sincerity and gratitude in the tone of the letter written by young Powell to Robert Nelles immediately after the wedding:

Queenston, 28th July, 1802.

Dear Sir,

I should be unpardonable if I lost any time returning the hearty thanks which are so justly due from me to you, for your kind and friendly assistance in rendering me one of the most happy men. After leaving your house on Friday night, we had an uncommonly fatiguing ride to Runchey's, and arrived at Niagara on the following morning, where by Mr. Addison's assistance, we were soon out of the fear of pursuit. Mrs. Powell joins with me in her professions of gratitude to yourself and Mrs. Nelles, and requests that you will take the trouble of apprising her sister Ellen of her love and obligations to her for the part she took in forwarding our escape.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

W. D. POWELL, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Powell settled at Stamford, Conn., where their two children, Mary and Anne, were born. But trouble and illness followed swiftly upon their ill-advised step, and shortly after the birth of his second child, young Powell sickened and died.

His mother, then in Niagara with her youngest son Thomas, hearing of William's danger, went to Stamford, and assisted in nursing him, and was with him at the end.

In a letter—the most astounding example of condolence surely ever penned—their friend, Richard Cartwright of Kingston, writes to tell the Chief

Justice of the fact. It is written in a fine flowing hand with many flourishes and frequent capitals:

Tuesday 4th Octr.,

12 o'clock.

My dear Sir,

Though Afflictions come not from the Dust nor Sorrow arise from the Ground, yet Man is born to Trouble. As the Sparks fly upwards, is verified by every Days Experience; and the first Branch of the Sentence however conciliatory by referring to an Alwise Superintending Providence, cannot at once soothe the Pangs of Distress. From this Preface you will naturally conclude that I have Intelligence to Communicate that will call for the Exercise of your Fortitude, and however Painful the Task I will not shrink from it lest it should be obtruded upon you in a way that would shock you more.

Your Son William has paid the Debt of Nature; His Mother was with him at the time. She went to Niagara with Thomas for his health and was about returning when Accounts of William's Illness detained her. At the End of Ten Days the Fever carried him off. From Capt. Earles' Account Mrs. Powell is in all Probability still at Niagara. I sympathize most sincerely with you and am

Most truly yours,

RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.

Mr. Justice Powell.

All the hardness of the old Chief Justice's nature, all the unyielding dominating pride that had driven his son into an alien land, seems to have been softened by this double bereavement, adding a still darker hue to the shadows surrounding him, as this, his third child, was claimed by a sudden or a tragic death. He was easily induced to assume the responsibility of his son's children.

The home to which the two little girls were brought is best described as an anachronism. It was but a one-storey frame house; but it was the dwelling place of the Chief Justice of Upper Canada.

Situated on Front Street, facing the Bay, and unobstructed from the shore save for a fringe of trees bordering the roadway, in the centre of the "fashionable residential district" with Government House in near proximity, it was not the least well-known house in the annals of early York.

Under its rough rafters and in its cramped rooms gathered all the distinguished people of the day. Mrs. Powell alludes frequently, we can almost hear the sigh with which she deplores "the dinners prepared twice a week for sixteen" as brother judges, members of the House of Assembly and strangers, pass through York during the session. Later, another storey was built giving extra bedroom space and adding much to Mrs. Powell's comfort.

In this atmosphere young Mary and Anne grew up. Of necessity and of the custom of the times, they had domestic duties, varied by social and reli-

gious excitements. To her brother, Mr. Murray in Boston, Mrs. Powell writes constantly, painting unconsciously vivid pictures of their daily life.

"Little Mary is making an apple pudding, I wish you could share it," or, *"Mary and her sister are but back from church,"* or, *"Our dear little girls thrive apace"*—and it is evident that the leniency of the grandparent influences Mrs. Powell in her remarks, as compared to the allusions about her own daughters who really must, at times, have been very trying.

As the girls advanced in age, Mrs. Powell felt the necessity of placing Mary at school. Hearing that their friend Miss English had opened an "Academy for Young Ladies" in New York, Mrs. Powell decided to send her there. In 1815 Aunt Mary writes, *"We are all in a little bustle over Mamma's decision to take 'little Mary' to New York to school"* and fervently hoping that *"nothing will prevent our dear Jane English from taking her as a boarder."*

Judge Powell had gone to England after his wilful and eccentric daughter Anne, whose escapades were at once the joy and horror of the gossips of the day and whose tragic death by drowning when the packet *Albion*, in which she was a passenger, sank off the coast of Ireland, but lent an added thrill to the oft-repeated stories.

There being no available male relative to take "little Mary", as she was nearly always called, to mark the distinction between her and her Aunt Mary, to school, the intrepid grandmother undertook the

journey herself, "escorted by but one discreet servant" and in February, of all months the hardest of the year, set out by sleigh, cart, stage and open boat and finally arrived at New York.

Under the watchful eye of Miss English and with occasional visits to her kindly relatives the Murrays, so often alluded to in Mrs. Powell's letters, Mary spent the next two or three years. Before leaving, Miss English, with due solemnity, presented her with a small silver medal in the form of a maltese cross upon one side of which is engraved "Reward of Merit, first class" and on the other side, "Miss Powell at Miss English's School, New York."

"Finished," and accomplished, Mary returned to Canada—to an environment much less sophisticated perhaps than that of New York, but much more colourful. Though York may then have been called, with some reason, "muddy little York", though its public buildings were unpretentious, when its Governors, Judges and dignitaries all lived "in dwellings that are at times severely restricted and incommodious", it was yet the centre of the political world of Upper Canada, and the Mecca for all who sought advancement and position.

Into the centre of this life, Mary, now a full-fledged young lady of fashion, was introduced, and she appears to have enjoyed it all with youthful vigour and freshness; and passes on some of her own pleasure to her Aunt Mary in New York.

York, August 15, 1819.

My dear Aunt,

As the steamboat goes to-day at one o'clock I will write a few lines by it. . . . as the weather has been uncommonly warm for two or three days the heat has been dreadful and Uncle Grant who went to Queenstown with Aunt Eliza says that it is much worse there. The Duke of Richmond has been here and is gone further north with the Governor he left his family which consists of Ladies Mary Louise Lennox and Lord William, who have been here some time, they are going over to-day to meet the Duke who they expect to return by way of Niagara. Lady Louisa is only sixteen she is thought to be a little like Anne. Lord William called here the other day but we were all unfortunately gone to the Humber though we see him almost every day when we ride, which is the fashion here to ride every afternoon and grandmamma does it because she thinks it is good for her (in a carriage).

I have been to ride on horse back very often and am very fond of it. Grandpappa goes on circuit to-day. . . .

The day after the writing of this letter, news was received of the tragic death of the Duke of Richmond, in a barn near the village of that name, from hydrophobia caused by the bite of a pet fox just before he started upon his tour.

There was great sympathy felt for the family of the Duke, who, in his too brief tenure of office, had shown much tact and skill in dealing with the many

problems confronting him, and who had by his adherence to his programme of visits neglected himself with such fatal results.

Mrs. Powell writes from Queenstown, September 7th, 1819:—

A heavy calamity has cast a gloom over all reflecting minds in this Province; an account of our irreparable loss in the death of the Duke of Richmond arrived at York two days before I left it. The Governor was absent and this sad event had not even at the time been communicated to his excellent daughter, its effect upon her delicate constitution was dreaded by all who know her unbounded affection for her Father who was most unduly attached to all his children and had ever been wrapped up in his darling daughter.

As the energetic promoter of all good in and to these Provinces, His Grace will be long and deeply regretted. Indeed to promote the welfare of the country he sacrificed his valuable life. . . the knowledge that had he been within reach of medical aid his life might have been preserved is an aggravation to affliction. . .

The clouds of even the greatest personal tragedy sit lightly upon society at large, and in November we hear of . . . "a large party at Government House on the 23rd. where the At Home which is a dress visit of half an hour was transformed into a Ball and Supper and kept us up till between 2 and 3 in the morning. The increase of our Society would surprise you, there were more than thirty well dressed Females and more than a dozen absent. My

little girls, particularly my dear Mary, were delighted with the party and well they might be, for they received the kindest attention from Sir Peregrine and Lady Sarah."

Mary had to take her due share of the labours incidental to her grandfather's position, and they were at times arduous . . . "Mr. Powell is quite well now. It is term time and his more serious labours begin on the 21st when the Legislature meets. I wish it were over, for it is no trifling consideration that for the next two months I shall have to prepare twice a week to entertain the Members of the two houses whose united number is at least fifty. Do not suppose that I can receive them all at one time, unfortunately my dining room admits of a table for no more than sixteen, of which our own family are six. . . .

But there are some compensations, and the modern housekeeper will sigh when she says "my servant just brought from market a turkey weighing fifteen pounds which cost five shillings."

And if the modern housekeeper is amazed at such cheapness what would the modern girl say to a Sunday spent with Mary? "Mary is with her aunt at evening church. They go at ten in the morning to the Sunday School where each has a class, from that to church. Return at two to the school, and return home after the evening service to a five o'clock dinner"

Among the many difficulties that Mrs. Powell in common with all others had to face, was the intense cold which at times complicated the machinery of

her difficult task of housekeeping. To give a dinner when *"the severity of the season adds to the trouble; the 14th was one of our days and the thermometer was 22 below zero, the combined art of the family could not make the house warm and the provisions were almost frozen by the fireside."*

Fire was also the dread in these cold days when every hearth was filled to its capacity with blazing logs, and not a week seems to have passed without a catastrophe of some kind in the flimsy frame buildings of the town. When such was the case, friendship became more than an empty name. *"An accident has added five children to our family. Dr. Strachan's house caught fire on Saturday and though it was not wholly destroyed, rendered uninhabitable. Mrs. Strachan is on a visit to her mother at Cornwall and we have taken the children in till their own dwelling is repaired . . . the good Dr. has been unfortunate, this is the second dwelling house besides his school house which has been burned . . ."*

It was after this house was burned that Dr. Strachan built the one opposite to that of the Chief Justice upon such a grand scale as to give rise to much comment. Tradition says, that when Dr. Strachan's brother, a book-seller of humble means from Scotland, came to Canada on a visit, he entered the house and turning to look about him said in a voice full of awe and wonder, "Jock, Jock, ye've a hoosie like a palace, an' a wifie like a Queen. Eh, mon, did ye come by it honest?" Opinions differed upon that subject, but one and all admired the

house; and the furnishings in particular—Mrs. Powell says when relating that the furniture of Governor Gore is being sold upon his departure for England *“it gives Dr. Strachan an opportunity of furnishing his most elegant mansion which is the handsomest and largest in the Province, ours more suitable to our wants and my wishes is not suitable for such expensive luxuries”*

Dr. Strachan had been brought to Canada as tutor to the sons of Mr. Cartwright of Kingston. He was then a Presbyterian. After a short time spent in Canada he decided to become an Anglican. He was ordained and sent to Cornwall. There he met the Reverend Mr. MacDonell, later the celebrated Bishop, and though of such greatly different temperaments, the two men became firm friends.

Bishop MacDonell, when he was in York, lived in “Russell Abbey” on Palace Street near Front. His letters to his flock in the anxious days “of the ’37” were of immense influence in maintaining law and order and he was much honoured and trusted by those in authority.

Events in the social world succeeded each other with rapidity, and in December, 1821, we hear that the Legislature is called together unusually early; and, says Mrs. Powell, *“ . . . in the midst of these causes for anxiety I have been obliged to do what under other circumstances would have been a great source of amusement—attend a coronation ball given at Government House, as soon as the farcical mourning*

for our unlamented Queen* expired. It was numerous and splendid. Between 150 and 200 people present; a proof of the increase of society here, augmented by the Members of the Legislature”

Mary's life and that of the other young people of York had ample variety and gaiety—picnics to the Humber, and boating in the summer—sleighing and skating on the bay in the winter, and riding as a daily practical method of getting about.

There was the fuss and excitement over her Aunt Mary's wedding at which function "little Mary" was bridesmaid. Her grandmother alludes to the occasion of her daughter's marriage to Mr. Samuel Peters Jarvis in this manner: "*Your niece Mary last evening assumed the certain cares and doubtful comforts of conjugal life, and early this morning left us to proceed to Queenstown where Mr. Jarvis has taken a house and finds fair prospects of professional success.*"

"Little Mary", after her aunt's marriage, became more of a daughter than a granddaughter to the old people. With her sister Anne, she had all the good times that the society of the day afforded. Mrs. Powell is almost affectionate in the letter to her brother, mainly upon domestic matters, in which she ends, "*Mary would be pleased to introduce you to her Humming Bird which has been a pet for some weeks and appears satisfied with its captivity.*"

In 1825 the Chief Justice and Mrs. Powell celebrated their golden wedding. With their large

* Queen Caroline.



Medal given by Chief Justice and Mrs. Powell to their children and grandchildren upon the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

connection it was held as an event of great importance.

To commemorate the date, the Chief Justice had struck two sets of medals, one in silver, the other in bronze, to be given respectively to their children and grandchildren.

Mary, at this time, had been receiving favourably "the addresses" of Mr. William Jarvis, and made her final decision to marry him, when Judge Powell had gone to England.

To acquaint him with the fact, both she and the Sheriff wrote dutiful letters, and awaited with some anxiety his reply. Mary was not unnaturally pleased, if perhaps a little surprised, to receive an answer that certainly seemed to convey his highest approval.

Tolpeddi,

August 12, 1826.

My dear Mary,

The York letters by the packet of the 15th July, brought confirmation of the agreeable surmise already entertained of your projected change of name.

I congratulate you, my dear girl, upon a choice so generally acceptable to your friends and promising to conduce to your future comfort and respectability.

I had occasion for no very intimate acquaintance with Mr. Jarvis, but have always thought him to be a prudent and well disposed character, the more likely to ensure happiness in the married state.

His conduct as a son and brother has been acknowledged to be exemplary and meritorious, the surest indication of what may be expected from a husband.

I wish, my dear Mary, that it was in my power at this moment to present you with something more suitable to the occasion than the assurance of support from want during your grandmother's and my life, and at our death your due proportion of what we may possess.

I have not yet received from Mr. Jarvis, confirmation of the transaction communicated in his last as having been agreed upon.

When it comes I hope it may enable me to give some more peremptory instructions that may be agreeable to yourself and your Aunt, but let not any consideration of dress or ornament retard your mutual happiness an hour.

I shall ever bear in mind, that heaven has intrusted to your grandmother and myself the duty of protecting you and your sister.

You will be satisfied, I assure myself, that this duty has been, is and will be most agreeable to us and rely on the affection of, dear Mary,

Yours truly,

WM. DUMMER POWELL.

(Letter attached to foregoing.)

Tolpeddi,

August 12, 1826.

Samuel Jarvis, Esq.,

Out of any disposable fund you may have at command and belonging to me, please pay to Miss Mary Powell the sum of one hundred pound (£100). Dollars at five shillings

WILLIAM DUMMER POWELL.

Her grandfather's attitude upon this occasion seems to have been vastly different from that accorded his own son.

There is something quaintly thoughtful in his encouraging and practical kindness when he says "*let no consideration of dress or ornament deter you*" and in the substantial draft upon his banker.

He evidently approved of the Sheriff, yet he had been without pity for a slip of a girl like Sarah Stephenson, riding mile after mile into the night to marry the man she loved.

It was strange; one wonders what he had done to so stifle memory. His marriage had been opposed. His early life a struggle. We find the uncle of another bride writing from Boston in 1774 that he had had to send his niece away for "*a diversion from the vicinity of a youth without any visible means of support.*" That youth, William Dummer Powell, became Chief Justice of Upper Canada.

Was his opposition based upon lack of faith in his son's ability to make good? Young William was then one of the ten original members of the first Law Society founded at York in 1797. Had he but lived and developed in his own environment he might have achieved much.

But perhaps out of that bitter anger and disappointment, Judge Powell had learned the futility of opposition, and that affection for his granddaughter had made him desire her happiness.

CHAPTER II

DEVELOPMENT

CHANGE after change had taken place at Rosedale. As one child after another was born, the house grew larger as the demands upon its space became more insistent. A wing was added with a cheery morning room and additional bedroom space above. A large verandah made its appearance. A grape house, peach house and conservatory were built upon the sunny side.

In the gardens, winding walks, bordered with bewildering masses of colour, led to rustic arbours or convenient seats that formed a coign of vantage for each delightful vista—vegetable gardens and fruit trees paid tribute to the practical guiding hand that dictated their planting—later, the voices of children calling to their pets or to each other—Rosedale had become a home.

It was to celebrate the fifth birthday of her eldest child that Mary planted an elm upon the lawn in 1835. It grew and flourished, becoming with time one of the handsomest trees of the estate. Though Rosedale house has gone, the gardens obliterated, and the voices hushed, the tree still stands a silent monument of the vanished home.

Though young, Sheriff Jarvis was already looked upon as having both weight and influence. In 1829

he was nominated by the electors of York as their candidate. The existing circumstances at the time were complicated.

A contemporary account says "the elevation of Mr. Robinson to the bench left a vacancy in the representation of the town of York. This vacancy young Robert Baldwin aspired to fill. He was opposed by Mr. J. E. Small who won the ballot, which, however, was immediately declared void. A new writ was issued and Mr. Baldwin's opponent this time was the Sheriff. The election was hotly contested and Mr. Baldwin won, taking his seat in the House of Assembly for the first time at the age of twenty-six."

Owing, however, to the death of the King, the Assembly was dissolved, and in the general elections that followed, Sheriff Jarvis was returned, and took an immediate and active part in public affairs.

In 1832 York became infected with the Asiatic cholera, brought by emigrants from the older countries where the dread disease was doing fearful havoc. It swept through Canada like the grim horsemen of the Apocalypse, reaping a rich harvest among a people unprepared to grapple with it. Owing to the lack of system in civic and medical administration, no lists of the dead were kept, and thousands went unrecorded to their graves. With the first days of Spring it established itself in Quebec and Montreal and from there passed on its pestilential course up the St. Lawrence around the shores of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie.

The family at Rosedale were happily not affected, but their anxiety must have been very great. Writing to his father in Cornwall, the Sheriff tells of the progress of the disease in York.

York, 27th July, '32

Dear Father,

I am most happy to hear that you are well and not only you, but all others of our clan in the Eastern part of the Province.

In these timorous times, we know not what a day may bring forth—those who are alive and well one day are in their graves the next. There have been no deaths here among the higher classes, except Draper's brother-in-law, soon after his arrival—and we are quite at a loss as to the numbers of persons ill or who have been carried off, as the Doctors do not make any reports—at least several do not. I sent George a £100 advance on account of the Eastern Dt. Board of Health and had some difficulty as there appeared a want of formality in the papers, some report or other from the magistrates.

The weather has been so dry that the garden is parched up and the potatoes will scarcely be good for anything, the wheat is nearly ripe and looks very well. I am ploughing for the second time, and will have the ground in good order.

We have heard again from France, though of earlier dates from Bell. . . . William was anxiously

awaiting for his commission and had great hopes of success—I hope he may not be disappointed.

Our youngsters continue well. Nancy grows more fascinating every day—and Mary (Louisa) is improving wonderfully. She cannot creep but really makes great efforts to walk when held by her hands

We have no news except what you will get in the ALBION—Starr was down a day or two since, all well with them. I wrote George to get you to subscribe for twenty shares in the books at Cornwall as it would be too late to get a power from you to do so here, and as I am going to sell some stock, wish to have as much more subscribed for, in order to have it transferred to me by and by—as there will be such a scramble that the large subscribers will I think have to be cut down, and I wish to have mine taken in such a way as to render that not likely to happen with me.

This letter is written with a copying machine which I have just received from New York and, as the part which you have is the impression and as I am new in the matter, it will account for the slovenly appearance that it has.*

The machine is a very great acquisition to me, as I have been too lazy to keep copies of my business letters which now can be done without trouble.

* It is thanks to this copying machine, one of the earliest attempts at carbon copying, that we are enabled to publish this volume—a book filled with these letters having been preserved, and by the aid of a mirror deciphered.

I will wind up by saying that I hope you will enjoy yourself during your absence—I paid 12/6 to Arthur for a pair of shoes—give our love to George and family.

And believe me

Your affectionate son

W. B. JARVIS.

York, August 1st, '32.

Dear Sir,

*I have experienced the same difficulty of which you complain, of making charges on writs of attachment, but have usually, and in fact uniformly charged only my disbursements 2/6 for schedule 5/- for services each process—travel, etc., in the first instance and when the matter is arranged, then I consider it in the light of a *fifa* and charge poundage—if the matter proceed to the LAST RESORT and an execution issue—of course the fees of poundage etc. are only taken once and then on the FI. FA.*

Our town is still visited with the cholera and this day's report I fear will be worse than that of any former.

My family continue well, and its attacks have chiefly been confined to the second and lower classes

I remain dear sir,

Truly yours,

W. B. JARVIS.

A. Sherwood, Esq.,

CHAPTER III

COMPARISONS

“COMPARISONS are odious” some one has said, but sometimes comparisons are curious; and what is curious is frequently interesting.

The “Family Compact”, in whose ranks were included Tories, rich and poor, just and unjust, have been accused of being Office Holders, Money Grabbers and Tyrants, especially by the men who wanted to be Office Holders, Money Grabbers and Tyrants.

The “Family Compact” seems to have been held responsible for bad crops, bad weather, wars, plagues and famines.

Offices, with their attending “emoluments” came directly from the Crown. Supplies, filtered through a Colonial Secretary, were irregular, and frequently overlooked.

In the private letters of both Chief Justice Powell and Sheriff Jarvis, there is a curious discrepancy between the anxiety so frequently expressed by both men regarding the difficulty of collecting salaries due them for the discharge of the duties of their positions, and the vociferous accusation of ill-gotten wealth printed in MacKenzie’s book.

For instance, we have Sheriff Jarvis in 1832 writing to Colonel Rowan, the Governor’s Secretary, to ask His Excellency’s assistance in securing some payments due him, and it is very awkward for the

Governor—as he himself has authorized and ordered the duties to be done and felt responsible, but was unable to insist upon more than a portion of the sums being paid.

Sheriff's Office,

York, 4 March, 1833.

Sir,

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of His Excellency's Warrant for the amount of disbursements made on account of the administration of justice.

An account amounting to £30 approved by the Chief Justice and payable out of the same fund has been presented by me and is now at your office—I trust that His Excellency will be enabled to order the payment of that also—it is for the usual allowance for my Attendance at the Court of King's Bench.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obdt. Servt.

W. B. JARVIS.

Lieut. Colonel Rowan.

Government House,

March 8, 1833.

Sir,

I am directed by the Lieutenant Governor to acquaint you in reply to your letter of the 4th instant that as the fund from which the expense attending the administration of justice was formerly defrayed is no longer under his control, he regrets he cannot issue a

warrant for the sum you claim for attending the Court of King's Bench in 1832.

His Excellency felt bound to make good the sum you had disbursed for the Court of King's Bench, as he had authorized that expense to be incurred.

I have the honour to be Sir,

Your most obdt.

Humble Servant

(Sgd.) WILLIAM ROWAN

Sheriff Jarvis.

His application to the Governor having failed, Sheriff Jarvis applied to the Chief Justice.

Sheriff's Office,

York, 27th March, 1833.

Sir,

I beg leave to lay before you a copy of a letter by me received in answer to my application to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor for a Warrant for the payment of the allowance for my attendance upon the Court of King's Bench during the year 1832.

By His Excellency's answer you will perceive that in consequence of the fund from which this charge has heretofore been defrayed being not now under his control, he cannot issue a warrant for the amount of my account.

As this attendance has been by order of the Judges of His Majesty's Court of King's Bench and is still required of me, I trust that your influence together with that of the Court of which I am a servant will be used

in order that my services will not be required without an adequate remuneration, and which I have received since my appointment to the Office of Sheriff in the year 1827, and which was paid to the person whom I succeeded.

I have the honour to be

Sir

Your most obedient Servant,

W. B. JARVIS,

Sheriff Home Dt.

Hon. the Chief Justice.

Finding that his application to the Chief Justice was indefinitely delayed, the Sheriff was forced to write to Mr. J. McLean, who was also in a similar position, regarding his financial affairs, and begged his co-operation.

York,

18th March, 1833.

My dear Sir,

I have memorialized the Government to issue a warrant for my salary for 1832, after having officially written to His Excellency's Secretary upon the subject and having for answer that in consequence of the Legislature not having granted that item in the estimates, His Excellency could not issue a warrant as His Majesty's Govt. upon relinquishing the revenue collected at Quebec expected the Provincial Govt. to provide for the officers formerly paid from Home. His Excellency

desired that I should send a memorial, stating the nature of the appointment, the source from whence the Salary was paid, and the average income for the last three years—and that he would refer the same to the Executive Council and His Majesty's Govt. All this I have done and in my Memorial have stated that upon taking office I was led to expect that the Salary would be permanent and not depend upon the contingency of an Annual vote of OUR House of Assembly. I also made it appear that upon relinquishing that revenue His Majesty called upon the House to provide for certain officers of the Govt. of whom the Sheriffs of the Home and Midland Districts were not of the number, thereby making it no breach of faith upon the Legislature—and lastly that after we were no longer paid by vote of the British Parliament, as forming part of the expense for the administration of Justice, we were paid out of the Canada Company fund—and finished by praying that as the fund of which we were paid was not at the disposal of the Legislature, and as we were liable to heavy losses etc. that justice might be done by the payment of the salary as formerly.

This Memorial is, and has been, before the Council for some time and I have ascertained to-day that they are delaying to report in order to see if there will be any other applications of a similar kind.

As you are similarly situated, I wish that you would forward a strong remonstrance respecting the detention of your warrant and accompany it with a Memorial—I do not intend to mince the matter, and

shall continue to BORE them until I get JUSTICE, or am turned about my business, as I have no idea of tamely submitting to a loss of £100 per Annum without using every effort to prevent it. The case of the other Sheriffs is hard certainly—but that was a purely provincial concern—they took office with the knowledge that their Salaries depended upon the Legislature of the Province. Had I such an idea when I became an applicant I should have declined and have taken an office of less responsibility and of equal profit.

Pray STIR in this matter.

Most truly yours in affection,

W. B. JARVIS.

J. McLean, Esq.

There were in Canada flaws in the administration of certain acts that fell heavily upon settlers, ignorant of law or custom and who had little or no redress when these mistakes had once been made; "the case" of Cornelius Oliver referred to in the following two letters, shows something of the system, or lack of it.

A money letter sent to the Sheriff, to pay taxes upon assessment on a lot was never received by him. The taxes were not paid in time, and the land sold on this account. Oliver petitioned the Governor, who wrote to the Sheriff, but when the facts had been explained he was unable to be of any assistance in the matter.

Sheriff's Office,

March 9th, 1833.

Sir,

I have the honour to reply, with reference to the Petition of Cornelius Oliver, that on the day on which the Post Master certifies that a Money Letter was mailed for me, I was absent from home attending the Sales of Land in the Township of North Guillimbury, and did not return from the Township of Reach till the 4th day of October, being some days subsequent to the day on which the letter must have arrived at York. I have no recollection of ever having received the Letter in question and find no entry in my books of any money being received to pay assessments on the Lot mentioned in Mr. Oliver's Petition.

After a Sale had taken place I had no authority to receive the redemption, and had the sum of £13-15 been paid to the treasurer, it would not have been sufficient to redeem the Lot.

You will perceive that the Post Master acknowledges that no answer was returned by me in acknowledgement of the receipt of this letter—and Mr. Oliver allows the twelve months to elapse during which the redemption might have been effected without ascertaining that the money for the payment of the taxes had reached its destination.

I sincerely regret that this poor man has become a loser by a misfortune which he certainly could not have foreseen—but it is one of the many extremely hard

cases of the operation of the Assessment Act, of which I have daily experience.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obdt. Servant,

W. B. JARVIS.

Lt. Col. Rowan.

*— Secord, Esq.,
Treasurer.*

Mr. Jarvis was deeply impressed with the condition of the feeble-minded throughout the Province. His work necessitated continual journeying about the District, and the number of these unfortunates, their neglected condition, and the burden that they were to struggling families, and the menace to society at large, enlisted his sympathy, and he brought before the Assembly the need of an Institution supported by the Province.

It was not favourably considered at the time, but he continued to urge the necessity of it undeterred by the luke-warm support of some of the members.

York,

28 March, '33.

Dear Sir,

I have delayed in returning you my sincere thanks for your kindness in sending the pamphlets on the subject of insane institutions, all of which I have read

with attention and am convinced from the perusal of them and your letter—that the object I attempted to attain was not deserving the fate which it received during the last Session of the Legislature.

I hope that you will not alter your original intention, but that you will give this matter your best exertions and only consider me and my plans as auxiliary to your views—for I feel assured that a communication from you to the Executive will have a great effect in preventing the opposition to so desirable an institution from certain members of the Assembly from whom we ought to have expected better things.

So convinced am I of the good effects to be conveyed to a considerable number of persons in the province whose case may now be considered as hopeless—that I shall during the recess endeavour to mature a plan to be again brought before the Legislature, and should I succeed I would be most happy. I again however pray you to adopt your plan of laying the matter before the executive and not for a moment consider it as an interference (as we say in the house) with me. So long as the object is effected, it is of no moment to me by whom it is brought about. Believe me, Dr. Sir, in great haste,

Your obliged humble Servt.,

W. B. JARVIS.

J. Macaulay, Esq.

In the letter which follows we have again occasion to note that the supposed rich rewards of the holders

of Government Offices are conspicuous by their absence.

York,

3rd April, '33.

Dear George,

I feel that there is some justice in the many complaints against me as a correspondent, but the fact is that I have the "pen of a ready writer" no longer—from some injury to my hand or from some other cause the labour of writing is very severe and painful and my writing is scarcely legible. I will endeavour however to make up for old scores and begin.

Now then for the 100th time—you were too late for the Stock subscribed in the name of I don't recollect who—the other was transferred to you—upon which I have paid two instalments. The Bank gave full notice that forty per cent would have been received at the last payment in place of ten had you wished it, and I don't know but that they would yet receive the additional instalments. Want of money prevented me from paying more than what was required—Campbell has paid the £11 odd, etc. Kennedy's petition has not been answered.

What is best to be done with Hillister's purchase? Ascertain by actual observation the state of the place and let us know—we are dreadfully in want of funds and must sell it by the first of August to meet the payment for the Steam Boat Hotel. Pray give your advice upon this interesting subject.

I should suppose that the number of moneyed persons coming out will enable us to sell it in the Spring, for sell it we must—so hard have I been run for money that I have been obliged to sell all my old Bank Stock—(for which the last £200 I received 18 PER CENT)—I have sold some new stock seized as Sheriff upon which one instalment only was paid—12½% upon the whole amount, thereby receiving more in amount AS PROFIT than the original amount paid in—this will give you some idea of the value of Upper Canada Bank Stock.

I have begun my labours in the gardens and fields and had my hands full. . . .

I have some faint recollections of giving Hagerman a letter addressed to you to my care respecting the ejectment suit—and have requested his clerks to search for it.

I have received a letter from Bell in which she says that she has also written to you to join me in adding to her allowance. It must be done—and by you and me—the idea of Starr contributing is out of the question. I have to pay for Amelia's schooling—why I don't know—but between Betsy and all parties I have a hard road to hoe. . . .

I have often thought that you ought to have contributed to her support and you can well afford it—so long as I meet with no losses so can I—but the Government have withheld my salary £III cy £\$20 cy for R.B. £80 lost by Suby's death and £40 pounds note endorsed for him has laid me on bare poles. I am really in great distress—and my expenses are very

considerable. This d——d House of Assembly business will play the devil with me—and I am told the whole radical faction are to make their grand attack to turn me out next election. “Let them come on—I’ll lick the whole of them.”

The political situation in York was waxing hotter and hotter; the numbers of the Reform Party were increasing, and had returned William Lyon MacKenzie, whose attacks upon the “Family Compact,” both written and verbal, were deeply resented by the Tories.

He (MacKenzie) was finally bodily and forcibly expelled from the House of Assembly—not once, but three times in succession.

CHAPTER IV

THE FOREST DEATH FEAST

THE DISCOVERY of human bones in the township of Tecumseh, to which Sheriff Jarvis alludes in his next letter, caused much speculation at the time in York. It was apparently one of the burial pits used by the Indian tribes at the time of their Death Feast. Parkman in his book *The Jesuits of North America*, published some thirty years later than the date of this letter, quotes a most thrilling and detailed account written by Brebœuf in the spring of 1636.

The Jesuit missionaries, upon the urgent invitation of the Indian Chiefs, had attended one of these ceremonies at Ossossne on the eastern margin of Nottawassaga Bay.

From many miles in every direction the procession of relatives, carrying their gruesome burdens, converged upon the village, camped in the woods about, and held festival games, feasts and councils, until all had assembled, when the final ceremonies began.

Worked up to fever point, by the harangues of their "medicine men", the Indians dug a deep pit, lined it with costly furs and branches of fir or balsam; into this they hurled the bones of their dead in all stages of decay, together with their gifts or offerings to the spirits of the departed. Other Indians,

armed with long poles, arranged the pile in some semblance of order by scraping the bones into the corners, and when the pit was filled covered it with earth and stones—very roughly and hurriedly. When all was finished, they formed in a circle and kept up a continual wailing until dawn of the next morning.

This may account for the diversity of objects found; for any cherished object did as an offering—and at that date the Indians were receiving most of their gifts from French sources.

The finding of the bodies dismembered was but the general custom among the tribes, as in many cases the bodies had hung for upwards of twelve years wrapped in skins and suspended upon poles before this final ceremony.

The Sheriff's account proves clearly that this gruesome discovery was probably correctly described.

In the Township of Tecumseh, about fifty miles from York on the farm of a person named Bunting, has been discovered the remains of human bodies—some rude ornaments and a few warlike implements. The place in which the largest portion of bones has as yet been found has been only within a few weeks brought into notice, and altogether owing to an accidental occurrence. The proprietor of the soil, intending to improve that part of his farm, was clearing away the wood, and perceiving near a tree a cavity or hollow, and moved by curiosity, commenced digging, when within a few inches of the surface, he discovered an

immense quantity of bones consisting of skull, thigh, arm, leg, rib and other bones—some in a very good state of preservation, others quite decayed. In prosecuting his work near the root of the tree, his spade came in contact with a hard substance which proved to be a brass kettle of excellent material, though of very inferior workmanship, and in a very delapidated condition. In the pit (where the kettles to the number of six were found) there could not have been less than several hundred persons promiscuously interred, as no regularity seemed to have been observed in placing the bodies—the “heads and points” being found in every direction, and having the appearance as though a pile had been made of the collected bodies. In the neighbourhood of the pit, within a distance of half a mile, an immense number of single graves are to be found—over some of which trees of considerable magnitude have taken root and afforded shade to the remains of the “Souls of the Forest.”

We have conversed with a gentleman who has been to examine the spot, to ascertain whether the probability is that the remains are those of Indians or civilized beings, and although of a contrary opinion at first, find that he is now satisfied that they are the remains of Indians, either cut off by some epidemic disease, or by the not unusual surprise of some adverse tribe then inhabiting the now fertile township of the Home District. That the remains are those of the Indian tribe is beyond question may be proved by some of the ornaments found in the pit—that they were deposited there many years since—by the size of the trees over some of

the graves—the rude construction of the implements of war and utensils for cooking and the circumstance of there being no tradition amongst the Indians in the vicinity of Lake Simcoe of any battle or other cause for so great a mortality.

The hatchet, which we have seen, appears to be of French manufacture, and certainly reflects no great credit upon that or any other nation for the exquisiteness of its workmanship. The kettles, we are informed, are also clumsy in construction and of a very different material as to the thickness, to those now used by the tribes and which are distributed to them by the British Government.

Some of the skulls have been brought to this town by our informant, together with some thigh and other bones, from which we are led to believe that the OWNERS thereof were not different in point of size from the folk of the present day.

CHAPTER V

"OLD BY'S CANAL"

TAUGHT by the War of 1812, the Home Government considered it advisable to afford some more efficient mode of transportation for men and supplies than the Canadian highways afforded. After considering several schemes a water route from Kingston on the St. Lawrence, through the natural course of the Rideau Lakes and by a canal to join the Ottawa River was recommended.

The route lay through as wild a track of country as could well be found, and at that time had not yet been even surveyed. Save for a hut or two of a pioneer at the portage landing below the falls, there was no settlement at the point on the Ottawa where the canal was proposed to be cut. It was considered a task of great magnitude and much doubt was expressed as to its successful accomplishment.

The Government selected an Engineer Officer of known and established reputation, who had already some knowledge of conditions in Canada, having been in charge of the locks finished a few years before at the Cascades.

In 1826, Colonel John By of the Royal Engineers, in command of two companies of Sappers, set sail from England and arrived at Quebec. From there they proceeded up the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa in small boats to the the foot of the Chaudiere Falls

on the Ottawa. Landing at the base of the imposing cliffs that circled the bay, a spot named recently in honour of the late Duke, "Richmond Landing".

Colonel By's trained eye immediately selected for the location of his own residence and that of his officers, the magnificent site above the river facing the Falls of the Chaudiere as they tumbled in stupendous volume over the projecting rocks.

So large a work as that of the construction of the canal locks involved the employment of many hundreds of persons, and in a magically short time a settlement had grown up calling itself Bytown. Land speculators flocked there; business men saw in its increasing population new openings for trade, and by the time that the canal was finished it had developed to the proportions of a town.

During these years, Colonel By became known to many of York's inhabitants, and was frequently the guest of his friend, Captain Bonnycastle, and other military officers.

The canal was finished in 1832, and By, writing to Bonnycastle, begs that he and his friends will "rally round him at the time of the opening of the canal." Perhaps the clouds "no bigger than a man's hand", were beginning to loom upon his horizon, for in 1833 he was recalled to England and his whole work discredited for some petty jealousy over his estimates.*

* Ample, if tardy, justice has been done him in Canada, however, and during the Centenary Celebration at Ottawa (1927) his life has been rewritten from all angles.

The Canal was a great source of curiosity to people from all parts of Canada, and we find the Sheriff and his cousin, Samuel Peters Jarvis, breaking away from their work upon the excuse of collecting materials for a book and selecting for the object of their tour "Old By's Canal."

Judging from the Sheriff's letter to Mary, the commissariat of the canal boat was not all that it might have been. But the trip must have had its lighter side, if the picture of the Reverend Archdeacon is any criterion. Doctor Okill Stuart had been, for a time, Rector of St. James', York, but had been removed to Kingston. He was a fine-looking man, with a kindly benevolent expression and pronounced eccentricities. His delivery from the pulpit was the cause of much mirth to the youth of his congregation, as his habit of raising his voice very high, and then suddenly dropping it without reference to the context of his sermon, accompanied by the trick of shutting his eyes tightly and then opening them suddenly, had an extremely comical effect. He was greatly beloved and his peculiarities had little affect upon his popularity.

Wednesday, 7th August, 1833.

I never was more happy at any thing, my dear Mary, than in not having you with me on this occasion, as a more uncomfortable situation you could not have been placed in—what with the heat, dirt, noise, mosquitoes and drunkards, I never met the equal. We will be at By Town this evening, having now been

on the Canal three days and have not met one Boat or vessel, save one or two skiffs—the locks are certainly of superior workmanship and we are now getting into a settled Country—but for the first two days our way led through a broken and uncultivated waste, very similar to the THOUSAND ISLANDS in appearance—being masses of rock with stunted trees as their only PRODUCE. This scene was occasionally varied by large tracks of DROWNED land (that is a portion of country over which the water has been flowed by the dams throwing it above the margins of the banks of the rivers and lakes), and now and then a sheet of water of exceeding beauty, were there anything to meet the eye on its margin save those dwarfish and dead trees before mentioned. So far as I have yet been I cannot say that I have not been disappointed, what we may yet meet with may probably cause me to change my opinion which at present is that a greater waste of money is not upon record.

After we left Kingston, we got upon a rock and there we remained seven hours—and I assure you I had hard work to prevent Jarvis giving up the jaunt and returning to Kingston, to proceed by the St. Lawrence to Montreal. I was determined, however, not “to give up the ship” till the next day, and think that the plan proposed by me was instrumental in getting her off—after all others had been tried without success. We had the Reverend Archdeacon Stewart with us till last evening, on his way to Perth and you would have been amused to see him running from side to side of the steam boat while we were working her over the rock. We again grounded twice during the night, and yesterday

our dinner STUNK so that we could not eat a mouthful of meat—but the vegetables were remarkably fine.

We went to a farm house last evening whilst the boat was going through some locks and made a purchase of a pig, a goose and some chickens, so that to-day we look for a great treat in the eating way. I got a large number of newspapers at Kingston, which, with "Rushe's Recollections of the Court of George the Fourth", has enabled me to get through the day.

9 o'clock Wednesday evening—By Town

I have just finished a most excellent supper and after making inquiries find that I cannot get to old Pinheys without being in danger of losing my passage in the Steam Boat for Montreal on Friday. We have to remain here to-morrow, as the Boat leaves only every second day. On Saturday we will be in Montreal, and from thence I shall either send this, or (if I get a chance of putting it in the Post Office at Lachine), write another. Jarvis seems determined to go to Quebec and indeed NOW talks of even visiting the U. States as far as Boston. I must say that my inclination tends that way also, but I fear that it would take up too much time. I will, however, strain a point to meet his wishes, as this is probably the only time, that he and I may be vagabondizing together for a long time.

I left off here to write to old Pinhey, as I find that I cannot pay him a visit without fear of losing my passage for Montreal and have CONDOLED with him upon so mournful an occasion.

Sam is writing to his wife—.

Hon. Hamnet Pinhey, a retired wine merchant from England, was then Member for Carleton. As the House of Assembly sat in York, it became an agreeable necessity that he should pass a considerable portion of his time there—where he formed many warm and lasting friendships.

Mr. Pinhey lived in the Township of March, some miles out of Bytown on the shore of Lake Deschene on the Upper Ottawa, where he had built for himself a handsome stone residence in the heart of the district especially reserved for retired officers—both Naval and Military.

In 1827 Mr. Pinhey was appointed Warden of the District of Dalhousie, replacing the Honourable Thomas MacKay, builder, at Bytown, of the house that is now "Government House". Mr. Pinhey was also superintendent of schools for the County of Carleton and had much to do with the establishment of the public school system in the county.

*Letter to Mr. H. Pinhey,
Bytown, Wednesday,
7th August, 1833.*

10 o'clock P.M.

My dear Sir,

I find myself not a little disappointed in arriving too late at this place to enable Sam. P. Jarvis and me to pay you a visit by the steam boat which leaves the port above this at 6 o'clock to-morrow, as there is no means of conveyance to be obtained from this early

enough to reach her. I therefore take up my STICK to scratch a few lines and to give you a piece of information which I am certain will cause you to take an extra glass of wine, the day on which you receive this communication. Know then, my dear Sir, that at Kingston, on Saturday last, I saw a letter from Hagerman in which he says "That the order for his removal from office has been rescinded." Tories LOOK UP! Canada may yet be saved.

You will ask what the deuce are the Sheriff and his cousin doing away from their wives and business—why we got leave for a fortnight and are scampering through the province obtaining materials to write a book.

We have passed from Kingston by the Canal, and are much struck with the beautiful workmanship displayed on the locks, basins and dams—but the country through which it passes, with a little exception, has disappointed us much, and the extent of its usefulness is very uncertain for in the whole distance from Kingston to Bytown not a raft or craft did we meet or pass. The lakes, at least many of them, are beautiful in the extreme, but the soil and timber of a very inferior description.

Mr. Dunn has left for England (accompanied by his family) for the purpose of obtaining money to carry on the improvements contemplated last winter, by the collective wisdom of the province, he having failed in procuring it in America.

We have no news in York—save the report of the disallowance by his M. of the Bank Charters.

Jarvis is writing to his wife, but stops to say that he regrets not being able to call upon you at Lake Constance, and desires his best respects.

I had it in command from my little wife to desire her love! ! ! to you and beg you to recollect that your SEAT would be in readiness next November, as she intends not to leave Rosedale, Our OLD LANDLADY having SOLD OUT (or “cleared out”). She, poor old witch, with her daughters, are floating about Kingston, and will be ready for Thomson’s penitentiary when it is completed.

Old Barney Bidwell is dead, and I rather think his son has given up all HOPES of becoming CROWN OFFICER, and will not return to York to continue practice at that place.

At your leisure pray let me hear from you. I received your last kind and friendly letter and would have written before this, but contemplated paying you a visit. I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

W. B. JARVIS.

H. Pinhey, Esquire.

Leaving Bytown the Sheriff and his cousin, proceeded on their trip to Boston. The letter to Mary continues.

Wednesday, 14th August.

Arrived at Montreal and breakfasted on board the John Bull Steamer, one of the largest and best fitted

up boats on the St. Lawrence. After breakfast called at Gibbs, ordered clothes and also at Walkers', and selected certain articles of plate. Saw Macon, went to the Catholic Church. Called at Buchanan's and purchased some wine and Glass-ware—then took a Calèche and after paying a visit to the Reverend Mr. Bethune, drove around the Mountain, the view is very fine—the scene presented to view consisted of hill and dale, wood, water, cleared and highly cultivated farms.

Crossed in the Steam Boat to Laprairie, a distance of 10 miles for 2d.—owing to the opposition of the Cos. An accident took place while at the wharf, by a person coming in contact with the fly-wheel of a Steam boat and losing his hand. A person also fell into the water and was near drowning.

Arrived in the evening after a 3-hours' drive over indifferent roads leading through a poor country and along the banks of the Chambly river, at St. Johns, a distance of 18 miles—pd. 7/6—remained at St. Johns a poor, wretched-looking place.

Thursday 15—Took passage in the PHOENIX for Burlington, 75 miles distant, pd. 12/6. After leaving the Canadian line at Rouse's point the change is very perceptible, in place of the ill-cultivated farms and poor dwellings of the Canadians, you find good houses, well-till'd fields and an appearance of comfort. The Scenery also becomes more bold, the Lake spreading into a greater expanse and the mountains in the distance, together with the various islands, makes the whole pleasing in the extreme.

During this day we touched at the American villages of Champlain, Plattsburgh, Port Kent and landed at Burlington. This place is of some importance in consequence of it being the place of taking the Stage to Boston, and its situation as regards beauty is very fine. The Town is built on the side of a hill in a bay of Lake Champlain, with several small islands in view, having the opposite side of the Lake with high mountains in the distance as a front ground. The houses are erected with taste, and the grounds are prettily laid out. There are two churches, a college, a Court House, good inns and Stage Houses from which Stages with six horses in hand daily leave for various places on the Boston route. Upon the whole, next to Quebec, I think it the prettiest place I have yet seen.

Friday 16th at 5 o'clock—We left Burlington in a Stage drawn by six horses and after a drive through a beautiful country and over good roads arrived at Royalton about 7 o'clock in the evening. We this day passed through Montpelier, the Capital of the State of Vermont.

Saturday 17th—Our ride this day was for the most part through the State of New Hampshire, or the "Granite" State as it was called in the address presented to General Jackson on his visit to Concord, its capital—and well does it deserve its name, for never did I witness such masses of rock piled one above another to a great height. The road winds through the Mountains generally by the side of a river which finds its source in the Mountains, and tumbles from rock to

rock towards the Lake on the one side and the ocean on the other.

The Green Mountains, as they are called here, tower above the clouds and although composed of apparently a solid piece of rock, the farmers have found portions capable of cultivation and it is not unusual to see spots of cleared ground with the varied-coloured grains near the clouds.

Saturday 17th—Our ride yesterday was by the margin of the Onion river, to-day it has been by the Connecticut. We slept at Henniker, and a BEASTLY place it was.

Sunday 18th—This day we passed through a more even, though yet a hilly, country and there was nothing particular to catch the eye until we arrived at Lowell, a village 25 miles from Boston—grown up within 12 years and now has a population of 12,000 souls. It has a great number of good buildings, and several large manufactories of Cotton. We arrived at Boston about 7 o'clock in the evening and strolled through the streets, the first thing which struck us was to find that not a single individual (ourselves excepted) was seen smoking segars in the Street, and upon inquiry we found that it was contrary to the Corporation regulations.

CHAPTER VI

"YORK" VS. "TORONTO"

THE SHERIFF was at all times conspicuous for his sense of the responsibilities of relationship and though the youngest of his family, it is noticeable how frequently he seems to be considered as the head and prop of his large connection. His two elder sisters—Bell Jarvis and Fanny, the latter married to Colonel Maule, were then living in Plymouth, England. Writing to Fanny he says:—

York, 14th June, 1833.

My dear Sister,

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness and promiseth to sin no more", we are told there is great joy—now, therefore, rejoice, for I am going to write you a letter. . . .

I have received your letter about an increase of allowance and will bear it in mind when I forward you some dust which I shall do soon—but not just now, as I am below par, having made some purchases, etc., that have reduced my funds very low. To add this the disappointment in having not received my salary and allowances from the Government by which I am this half year their creditor to the amount of £200—which by the way, I fear I shall never get—and the losses I met with last year by the death of my jailer and other causes arising from the cholera. Notwithstanding this

I am accumulating property—and if I am as fortunate in my purchases and sales as I have been and meet with no very heavy losses, I hope in a few years to be pretty independent. I work hard, my expenses are large and my time so taken up that I most sincerely wish I was not in the House of Assembly.

I wrote George about aiding in increasing your allowance. I got no response—and I suppose he will give you his reasons. . . .

The old gent got a fall from a horse a few days since and is suffering from a bruised leg and will not get over it for a week or two. The rest of us are all alive and kicking.

You may have heard that we are all in a stew about our Offices—Goderich has turned the Attorney and Solicitor General's out of office for treating his despatch with contempt. I expected to go too—upon the first reason given—but I was not with the Crown Officers in the despatch business, so am so far safe. Baldwin is making great efforts to throw me out at the next election—and I fancy it will be a pretty hard go for us both. I am not certain of being a candidate, but shall if no one having an equal claim cannot be found.

In all your letters you boast of the children.

I am most happy to hear that they all come up to your wishes and would almost fancy that some day I might see them. England has always been an object which I have in view (in hope) and perhaps some day
...

Well, I can boast, too, and I say that my eldest girl will not TURN HER BACK on any Englisher of her age—for intelligence, mind, etc. I say nothing of beauty—although I am far from acknowledging that she does not possess a fair share of that also.

Well, now, I have written all about what you wanted. I will write again some day and send you some cash.

God bless you and all the family—BIG, LITTLE and SMALL.

Your aff.,

W. B. JARVIS.

In the election of October, 1834, the Sheriff was defeated and writes his own opinions in the matter to his brother George.

Toronto, 13th October, 1834.

Dear George

After six days' hard fighting against as an "unholy alliance" as was ever formed against an individual or government, I have been left on the "poll book" in the minority of 8, and James E. Small, Esquire, has been declared "duly elected". Now I intend to contest the matter to the last extremity, knowing as I do that I have a majority of eight votes—and that I have been thrown out by perjury. I do not suppose that there ever was an occasion upon which the nature of an oath seemed to be held so lightly as during the election for this City, and with its usual effect—the temporary triumph of the party resorting to that means, which must eventually recoil upon their own heads. Not-

witshstanding all their villainy, I was within two or three of beating them, when they thrust upon some perjured rascals and those two or three in attendance being luke-warm, thinking all was over, refused to vote.

In 1833 the town of York finding their old market place with its well in the centre, its shambles in close proximity, and its pillory, stocks, and whipping post falling into disfavour with public opinion, built a new market building.

In the interior ran a wooden gallery, beneath which the partitions for the butchers' stalls were arranged. It was here that the son of Colonel Fitzgibbon met his dreadful death in 1834. A meeting occasioned by the proposal to incorporate York as a city was in progress, at which meeting Sheriff Jarvis was one of the speakers. During his speech some sudden movement in the overcrowded gallery caused the collapse of the structure and a number of persons were crushed and injured or mangled upon the hooks fixed to the walls of the butchers' stalls below.

A contemporary account relating to the proposed change says "the act of incorporation [the city of Toronto] had been procured by Tory influences and had been carried through the Assembly under the auspices of Sheriff Jarvis, the Local Member. In his speeches on the subject in the House, Mr. Jarvis took the reasonable and legitimate ground that the Provincial Capital had attained dimensions which rendered a separate Government necessary to the

efficient management of its affairs. This view was participated in by Tory residents generally. The Bill was introduced in February 1834, and on March 6th received the Royal assent.

Though many of the Tory Party were in favour of a change so obviously needed, there was much argument over the selection of a name. "York" was conceded to be a crisp business man's choice. "Toronto," a name of Indian origin, while voted to be euphonious and poetic, was not at first desired. After a hot contest, Toronto won the day.

In sonorous sentences, old Chief Justice Powell lets overflow his wrath upon the heads of those decadent souls that had stooped to such a return to barbarism, and evinced much ingratitude for past favours from the Crown.

"When the mild and beneficent government of a King of Great Britain was withheld from the Colonies of Great Britain in 1783, His Majesty devoted to the consolation of loyal adherents the superb Territory of Upper Canada, first in Climate, first in Soil, first in Water, of the habitable Globe. Providence seemed especially to protect its new population, and render it the boast of the World, until the exalted feeling of its Legislature could no longer brook the diminutive epithet, given to its Capital, by the Monarch's First Representative in grateful memory of what England was, and shrinking from all remembrance of her glory, have urged to the seat of the King's Government the wild and terrific sound of T-O-R-O-N-T-O, entailing upon its miserable

inhabitants the annual curse of a popular election; a power to call forth all the bad passions of human nature."

The "Family Compact", and many who were not included in that select and much-maligned circle were really very much ahead of their times. They were the advance guard of Imperialism. Desiring affiliation with the Mother Country, yet denying her right to interfere with the domestic arrangements of her grown-up children across the water. They resented the supercilious stupidity of the newly-arrived Englisher of the Francis Bond Head type—who knowing little or nothing at all of the people or country he had come to, assumed airs of superiority and dared to be dogmatic.

On the other hand they had to fear the invasion of lower and discontented immigrants from the old land and from the United States—greedy for gain and lustful for position.

Of the latter type was MacKenzie, a Scotch malcontent. Of the same type was Barnabas Bidwell and his followers from the United States calling themselves "Reformers."

CHAPTER VII

TO THE GEORGIAN BAY IN 1835

DURING an interim between official duties, the Sheriff, again accompanied by his cousin, Samuel Peters Jarvis, made a second extended tour. This time from Toronto to Detroit—through Coldwater River, Penetanguishene and the Georgian Bay.

Notwithstanding the discomforts of the journey, the party must have been a pleasant one. Most of them were young men and some, even then, distinguished for their ability. The Sheriff's sense of humour, which is forever flashing out of his letters, reflects something of their gaiety.

They rode to Newmarket, where Peter Robinson, brother of the Beverley Robinson so often mentioned in Mrs. Powell's letters, lived. He was then Commissioner of Crown Lands. His residence at Newmarket was famed for its hospitality, which, together with his geniality of manner, made him one of the most popular men of his time.

*"Fast by the road, his ever-open door,
Obliged the wealthy, and relieved the poor."*

Governors, Commanders-in-Chief, Judges on their circuits, were entertained with lavish hospitality. Sir John Franklin stayed there for some days shortly after his visit to Bytown, where he had been to lay the corner-stone of the first Lock of the



The Rosedale Elm. A seedling of 1830.



Rideau Canal. Sir John Ross and Capt. Back, the Arctic explorers, stayed with Peter Robinson when returning from their Expedition.

From there the Sheriff and his cousin rode on to Coldwater, where the steamboat waited for them.

"Old Jackson", upon whom they called, was a well-known character of the time. His writings caused quite a stir and were violently abused as being libellous to the existing form of Government.

The party on the steamboat included Mr. Frank Cayley, owner of the handsome estate called Drums-nab near "Castle Frank", Toronto; Dr. Rees, who was one of the first people in Upper Canada to see the necessity of establishing a Botanical and Zoological Garden (he is "Our Mineralogist" of the letter); and Mr. G. A. Barber, a well-known educationalist.

The Ridout mentioned as of the party was a connection of the John Ridout killed in the duel with Samuel Peters Jarvis. Evidently there was no lingering animosity in regard to the event or the trip could not have been so amicable. The journal letter tells the story.

*Coldwater River—On board of the
Penetanguishine Steam Boat,
Sunday (August) 30th, 1835.*

My dear Mary—

We are just getting up the steam to leave this PORT for Penetanguishine, from which place we shall take our departure to-morrow evening. There will be a

party of at least fourteen, and I have no doubt but that we shall find it very pleasant. It was not till 11 o'clock at night that we got to Newmarket, after a very tedious ride thro roads worse than I expected to find them. We visited the Robinsons next morning for a few minutes and then proceeded to the Steam boat—on our tour round the Lake we called at Old Jackson's, and saw Mrs. Capt. Baldwin & the fair Georgy, both of whom enquired most particularly after you. Old Jackson is in some measure recovering his sight. We slept on board that night and yesterday not being able to procure horses, were obliged to foot it across the portage to this place, which some of us accomplished very comfortably in five hours. Jarvis and Frank Cayley having DAWDLED on the road shooting were completely ducked.

Our luggage was brot over in waggons drawn by oxen and did not arrive till 10 o'clock at Night in the midst of a very heavy rain, & I was apprehensive that my COMFORTER, the dressing gown, would be rendered useless for one night at least. However, by good luck, it was free from dampness & was a means of turning at least 500 fleas from their meditated attack upon my precious carcass.

We have Dr. Rees, Mr. Kent & expect to find Mr. Barber and one of the Ridouts at Penetanguishine as an addition to our party. We have a SIDE of Beef & three sheep—and expect to get fish without numbers. There is no doubt but that we shall return by Detroit so that you need not expect to hear from me again till I arrive at that place, if indeed I do not arrive before

a letter could—as no delay will be made in getting home as fast as I possibly can. I do not expect that we shall accomplish our tour in less than three weeks, and as I find that in consequence of moving Major Rain's family, some delays have already occurred in expediting our movements—a few days beyond that period may elapse in accomplishing the tour. I have made inquiries respecting some lands on Lake Simcoe which I own & find them increasing in value, and had I not made this trip might probably have disposed of it under value.

Monday 31—Penetanguishine.

We arrived here last evening about 4 o'clock and are to leave this evening for the "Giant's Tomb", an island about 15 miles on our way towards St. Joseph, and if we have no head winds we expect to get to the Island of that name on Wednesday evening—unless we stop at the Great Manitoulin to look after curiosities. From St. Joseph we shall proceed to Mackinack, and from thence to Sault Ste. Marie, where young MacMurray is residing and if time will permit will take a large canoe and Indians and proceed a distance of (I believe) 20 miles to Lake Superior, where there is a Copper Mine, as it is said. We hear such extraordinary accounts from all hands of the size and quantity of the fish that I anticipate great pleasure in finding the North West stories not altogether fabulous.

We have so far spent our time very pleasantly and

as there are lots of books on board do not fear that the time will hang very heavy on our hands.

I send an enclosure of a Note of Samuel's for some monied transactions between him & me which I forgot to have arranged before I left home & which I do not wish to carry with me—have it put in a safe place till I return.

Good bye, my dear little Polly, take care of YOURSELF—for the children I have no fears. Do whatever you choose in following your fancies about the place. Hire what extra assistance you may think necessary and I will be satisfied.

Kiss the Dear Chinkopins and give my remembrance to all hands—God bless you

Dear Mary—

W.B.J.

Monday, 31 August.—After spending the day at Penetanguishine we left that place in the evening and proceeded as far as the "Giant's Tomb" an island about 15 miles from Pene.—and remained there all night. This island received its name from the similarity it bears to an immense tomb—having a very considerable rise or hill in its centre of a shape representing a grave. The Indians have, it is said, a dislike to land upon this island owing to its "being the abode of a bad manitou". The island is well covered with wood but the soil like most of the others is of a barren nature. In the vicinity of this island lie six others called "The Christian Islands"—upon one of which we landed,

and found a variety of berries, such as the black, pigeon, elder and juniper. The island is a bed of sand and the timber of stunted hemlock & other fir. From this point the blue mountains of Summidale Alta etc., are visible—the land on the tops of which are reported to be of good description. The difficulty of access to the Townships on the borders of this part of the Lake from the want of harbours, & from the rocky coast will long render them ineligible for settlers. Here we remained part of Tuesday the first of September.

Tuesday 1 Sept.—And in the afternoon ran across the Georgian Bay to Isle Sable where amidst rocks and surrounded by islands we laid up for the night. The coast is one continuation of small islands and rocks—quite incapable of cultivation, and the navigation is extremely dangerous owing to the number of sunken rocks that lie a few feet below the surface of the water.

Wednesday 2nd. Sept.—We left Sable Island only this morning and with a fair wind proceeded across the Georgian Bay towards the Manitoulin Isles between which and the main land lies the North Channel. The opening into this channel is not more than 50 yards wide & without daylight is most difficult to find. We were so fortunate as to hit upon the mouth without much difficulty, although some of our party, who had left the Steamer in a Sail Boat, & who arrived on the coast an hour before us, missed their way & possibly might have remained out all night had we not displayed a light, the moment we found ourselves upon the right

track. Fortunately the light was observed & the whole party about 9 o'clock assembled on board in good spirits and quite ready to attack a good supper which was readily provided. We then took a glass of good Madeira and retired to rest. Upon the banks of this channel resides a Frenchman (with his squaw wife) named "Lemorandier" who received us most kindly, and with true French politeness, gave us a draught of rum in which cherries had been steeped which made a most delightful beverage. Here the country begins to assume a picturesque appearance—mountains of rock covered with stunted firs reach to the height of several hundred feet above the level of the lake—the opening for a mile is straight and narrow and has all the appearance of a river—its banks are composed of a solid mass of granite altho there are some small patches capable of cultivation. At this place we remained all night and after purchasing some of the largest white fish I ever saw—we proceed on our course amidst a multitude of islands—with a mountainous screen in the distance—extremely picturesque.

Thursday, 3 Sept.—Throughout the whole of this day our course continued thro' a channel, winding amongst the islands, in some places very narrow and in others extending to a width of several miles—the Main land high—rocky and barren—the island covered with wood & in some cases scarcely rising above the surface of the water. We visited a post of the Hudson's Bay Company at a place called "La Cloche", not far from the mouths of Spanish and French Rivers—thro'

the latter of which and by the way of Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa the company transport their goods, etc., to this part of the country. Their expresses by this route reach Montreal in 13 days.

We called upon the Superintendent and partook of a glass of wine with him—the VERY BEST IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, and after witnessing the swearing him in as a Justice of the Peace for this Province, an act which was entrusted to be performed by one of our party by the executive of the Country, we learned that this gentleman had resided 34 years in the wilds during 14 of which he had managed the affairs of the Company at this Post, without society and without visiting any other portion of the country with the exception of an occasional trip to St. Marie & Mackinack. He has a squaw wife and several children whom (the latter) he educates in Lower Canada. His income is large—some say from £2000 to £4000 per annum. Of this I have doubts, as I can scarcely imagine a man burying himself, who has so good an income & who could obtain all the luxuries of life amidst civilization. He seemed pleased to see us—but this pleasure did not get the better of his love for gain as he took advantage of our necessities & made us pay double price for wood, our boat being out of fuel.

In consequence of the wind coming ahead and the channel being difficult, we soon came to anchor under the lee of an island where we remained the night, and as our party assembled in the Cabin of the Steamer, they displayed their sketches taken during the day of the picturesque scenes that had most struck their

respective fancies—and with cards and conversation caused the evening to pass off very pleasantly. Our provision becoming scarce & being out of bread, we were obliged to slaughter a sheep belonging to a gentleman who was one of the passengers and who was on his way to St. Joseph to settle.

Friday, 4 Sept—The wind being high and still ahead our progress this day was very limited—and almost the whole of it was passed at anchor near an island, which in compliment to one of our party, who was extremely fond of geology, botany and mineralogy, we called “Rees Island”—the day was spent in different ways by the respective members of the party—some of whom, with our Indian pilot, took their guns & went in search of wild fowl; others got out the Sail Boat & tacked off and on with a fine and heavy breeze. Our friend the Mineralogist, with his HAMMER in hand, was soon up to his knees in the water, knocking off pieces of the overhanging rock, whilst others were sauntering about the beach and neighbouring woods gathering the ground or sand cherry, to flavour the whisky intended for our St. Joseph settler during his winter's imprisonment. The Captain and crew were employed in felling timber and getting it on board for fuel, and the “tout en semble” was altogether worthy of the pen and pencil of the novelist and painter.

I forgot to mention that in passing an Indian encampment yesterday, we were saluted by firing of guns & other demonstrations of respect.

Saturday, 5 September.—At 4 o'clock this morning I awoke the Captain and pressed an early start, and as the wind was favourable we soon got under way. Our course still continued amongst islands & the Scenery was very similar to that of the last two days. We stopped at a river called Mississaga, at which place is a post of the Hudson's Bay Company. We were well received by the Gentleman in charge & supplied with some fish and fowls. We then stretched over to St. Josephs, a distance of about 40 miles, and arrived at one of the best harbours in America—having a depth of water to receive any vessel on this or any of the Lakes and unlike most harbours, having no bar at its mouth. It is formed by a deep bay about 100 yards across its mouth, and runs about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles into the interior, having a rapid creek falling into it—upon which creek a saw Mill has just been erected & which in a few days will be in operation. The appearance of the island is very favourable, the soil good, the timber large—consisting of Maple, Elm, Bass, Fir and beautiful Mountain Ash of at least 30 feet in height. The Mill site is favourable and the quantity of water sufficient to enable her to cut every day in the year. The woods abound in game and the river with fish, and, unless the climate be very severe, the island is well calculated to become a favourable situation for Settlers—from its proximity to the Sault Ste. Marie & to Mackinack, where posts are kept up by the U.S. & where grain is scarce & dear.

After landing our passengers at St. Joseph, we proceeded on our course and after a Sail of three hours

and one-half, we arrived at the head of the island, at an encampment of the Indians on the banks of a beautiful bay dotted with islands. We landed and visited the hut of an Indian woman, a widow, who, with her two daughters, subsisted by their industry in making articles for sale and in their fishing and gardening occupations. While we were at her house, some of her Indian acquaintances who had come up with us from St. Joseph, landed and upon entering her hut were received with a friendly shake of the hand and a kiss—this extended to all—male and female.

At this place we were also saluted upon our arrival by the firing of guns and other demonstrations of respect.

St. Joseph appears to be an island of about 20 miles in length by about from 7 to 15 in breadth, being in the most part well wooded with hard timber and having a gentle rise from the water's edge to the centre—terminating in a hill or mountain of probably 300 feet above the level of the Lakes. Upon this high ground there are three lakes, from the largest of which this river (forming the harbour at which the Settlement is commenced, & now called "Milford Haven") takes its rise. The lake covers a space of some acres and is said to abound with fish. Besides the river, above mentioned there are several streams issuing from the high ground sufficiently large for mechanical purposes. Upon this island, many years since, the Government had a military post which was afterwards removed to Drummond's Island in the neighbourhood. This also was abandoned after the peace, in conse-

quence of it having fallen within the American Territory upon the survey of the line between the two countries. Drummond's Island is a barren rocky island quite incapable of cultivation, whilst St. Joseph is nearly throughout composed of a very fair soil.

At 5 o'clock on Monday, the 7th Sept., we again got under way and proceeded thro' several islands, and a beautiful lake called Lake St. George, to the Strait of St. Mary to the Sault. Before entering the river or Strait one of the most beautiful pictures is presented in this or any other part of the country.

We arrived at St. Mary at 1 o'clock and were met at the wharf by the Reverend Mr. McMurray, who took us up to his house and introduced us to his wife—a half-breed, well educated and of most fascinating and genteel manners. We were invited to spend the evening with them. We passed the river and called upon the Commandant of the American Fort and were introduced to the ladies of the Post. Afterwards we visited the fishing ground, and were amused at the novel mode of catching the fish—in the rapids. A canoe is put out, manned by two persons, one of whom has a pole the other a paddle—and after getting into the current the man in the bow, takes his scoop net and thrusts it into the water, where they catch—almost at every third or fourth draught—either white fish, trout or sturgeon. One of our boats returned with several white fish—not, however, of their own taking.

About sunset we returned from the American side and spent the evening with Mr. & Mrs. McMurray—and were treated with a most sumptuous supper at

which white fish, sturgeon, caribou made a prominent part of the viands with which the table was laden. We spent the evening most pleasantly, and were presented by Mr. McMurray with several Indian curiosities and some specimens of stone found on the shores of Lake Superior, consisting of cornelian, agate and copper, a piece of PURE lead found in the Country of "Black Hawke" near Green Bay, was also given us as also some pemmican brot from the North by Capt. Back. The "Mission" of Mr. McMurray consists of about 250 souls—most of whom are now absent on their hunting expeditions. He has had many difficulties to contend with, and his success is very problematical. His perseverance is great and may be eventually successful.

The River at this place is about a mile in width and that part called the Sault is about three miles long. Above this rapid there is a strong current, but smooth water, to the entrance of Lake Superior. The American Fort at the foot of the rapids is garrisoned by about 200 men commanded by a Major Cobb, and is a neat and clean spot. The soldiers are under good discipline and are not allowed to drink spirituous liquors.

Tuesday, 8 Sept.—The wind being high and contrary, we were obliged to give up our trip to Lake Superior—and accordingly about 11 o'clock the Steam boat got under way for St. Joseph and with a fair wind and with the current in her favour, made rapid progress towards our former harbour, viz. Milford Haven. We passed down the Western channel between

St. Joseph and the American shore—the distance between the two varying from a half to one and a half miles.

About sunset we came in sight of the ruins of the old Fort of St. Joseph—the chimney's walls of some of the old buildings yet standing, and in the distance having a very pretty appearance.

The site is upon a point of land gradually rising on three sides from the water and on the fourth connected by a narrow strip of low marshy land with the main.

Nature appears to have pointed it out as a military post—it being capable of being easily fortified and commanding the channel between the Island and the American shore. From this point the ABANDONED post of Drummond's Island is also visible.

Wednesday, 9 Sept.—We left St. Joseph at 7 o'clock and ran out to an island for wood. From thence at 11 o'clock we proceeded to Mackinack—and had a pleasant trip until just at sunset, as we approached the harbour, a tremendous gale came on & after struggling for some time, we ran under the lee of the land and some of us landed and proceeded to the Town. The boat got in at 9 o'clock, and we engaged our passage on board a beautiful schooner or Detroit.

CHAPTER VIII

PREMONITIONS

IN THE following spring, when writing to his brother-in-law, Colonel Maule in England, the Sheriff foreshadows the political controversies which were leading with such fatal rapidity toward the Rebellion of 1837.

Toronto, 27th April, 1836.

My dear Sir,

I, a few days ago, recd. a letter from Bell dated in October, 1835, (which has gone ROUND the WORLD) in which she requests me to send a draft in your favour for £25—which I now do. In various other letters, she referred to this one, but in such a way that, from being VERY POOR, I could not understand what she MEANT. And I now (by the opportunity of a friend, who has lately married a Daughter of Darcy Bouton, a Mr. Cayley, an English Barrister who goes home with his wife for a year) send the amt. she required, and much regret the delay, and would have made up in amt. for the tardiness of its arrival, were it not from the cause above mentioned. Our last letter was dated in Feby from Ireland, giving accounts of Fanny's happiness and comfortable situation in her change of circumstances. It gives me great pleasure to hear from you all such satisfactory accounts not only of the charming little girl who won my affections when in

this country, and whom I recollect CARRYING about in my pocket HANDKERCHIEF, but of her husband also—and I assure you that should they ever come to this country, and it would be in my power to return to them the kindness which you have ever shown to Bell, the opportunity will not be lost. In the meantime, be assured that I fully feel how much we are all indebted to you, and I must do Bell the justice to say that she feels deeply your kindness, at a time when she was almost ABROAD in the world, in taking her under your protection, and by the continuance of it to the present time.

My family at present numbers three, two girls and a boy—all as fine children, I will venture to say, as Canada can produce. Their mother is entitled to all the credit, as my time is so engaged that I give them no attention; in fact, except for a few hours in the evening, I am always in Town, and there is no opportunity of giving my aid in “teaching the Young Idea how to shoot.” The OLD gentleman’s GRAND-CHILDREN, you know, were always WONDERS and HE is not ASHAMED of these at Rosedale.

I have not yet recd. the money from Dr. C. in favour of Captain K.—he has been repeatedly promising to pay it, but is a very drunken miserable wretch having nothing but his half pay, which is I fancy ANTICIPATED for brandy long before it becomes due. I have not sued him lest he might refuse to pay & as he could evade it, not having property which could be seized and sold, the costs wd. fall upon the Plaintiff. If Captain K.

wishes to proceed to extremities, he will give me notice to that effect.

I had intended sending you an oil painting of our House and grounds taken by a gentleman not in very flourishing circumstances—who was glad to sell it me, & as I was pleased with the VIEW, & the idea of having a place worth having a view taken of, I purchased soon after getting Bell's letter in which she desired one to be sent of Mary's drawing. She, however, has laid by her pencil & prefers that this be sent, as showing what Rosedale is to be. I will send it by some good oppy. as I have not time to get it ready for my friend Mr. Cayley to take. This gentleman was with us on our trip last Summer to St. Joseph's Island in Lake Huron.

We are in a very unsettled state in this country so far as regards politics—& I fear that much injury to the country will arise from the difficulties—the Executive labour in consequence, of the Radical House of Assembly having stopped the supplies. Our New Governor* has disappointed both parties. We expected that he was going to be a Rank Rad. and the Radicals find him a TRUE conservative. I am a supporter of him SO FAR, & I fancy he finds that I have a good deal of influence with the Yeomanry, as he has been very cordial so far as WORDS and DINNERS go—having dined once and am to dine a second time to-morrow with him, while there are many who have not yet had ONE FEED. We gave him a good lesson of what we

* Sir Francis Bond Head.

could do, when Sir John Colborne departed from us, having got up a procession such as was never witnessed in Canada. I trust all will, however, end well & that our wild lands will be turned into money.

I have just heard that Robt. Baldwin leaves to-day for London to oppose the Governor's views in the Quarrel over the question of the Executive Council. Baldwin was called to the Council soon after Sir Francis Head arrived.

As you are not a politician I will not inflict our affairs on you—our hopes are on the good [sense of the people] to put down the agitators, & if we fail—we will not without a struggle—a few months will show.

We are all well with the exception of Mary. The old gent is with us and is able to move about on horse back as usual—his sight, however, is failing.

We all join in best wishes for all your circle—not forgetting the THREE Lieutenants, two of whom we hope soon to see Gazetted as Captains.

Dr. Sir,

Truly Yours,

W. B. JARVIS.

Lt. Col. Maule.

CHAPTER IX

THE LITTLE "ILL-BUILT TOWN"

IN THE FALL of 1836, when, as the Sheriff writes, "we are in a very unsettled state in this country as far as regards politics", when Society was trying to adjust itself to the character and disposition of a new Governor, in the person of Sir Francis Bond Head, another stranger, Mrs. Jameson, arrived in Toronto, and though her stay there was of short duration, she has left behind her a mirror in which Torontonians can see most vividly their early environment, defects and crudities.

It is a mirror that was perhaps a little distorted in the making. It is rarely able to reflect beauty or kindness save in imaginary situations.

Mrs. Jameson was a writer of much ability. She had travelled extensively and was very observant, but she was discontented and unhappy, and her unhappiness tinges all her everyday impressions. She was lonely, because she lacked the desire to be friendly. In a note from her diary she says, "*It is now seven weeks since the date of the last letter from my dear far distant home. The Archdeacon (Strachan) told me by way of comfort that when he first came to settle in this country, there was only ONE MAIL-POST from England in the course of a whole year, and it was called, as if in mockery, THE EXPRESS.*"

Mrs. Jameson was the wife of Mr. R. S. Jameson,

who was successively Attorney General and Vice-Chancellor, but had been estranged from him for some time. That year some effort at a reconciliation had taken place, and she came to Toronto to pay him a visit.

She is described as being unattractive at first sight, but intellectually fascinating and original. She sketched with great skill, illustrating her own books, and was a connoisseur in the character study of hands. The irrational conventionalities of society irritated her, and she continually wrote and spoke against them, particularly in regard to the prevailing fashion which she refused to follow.

Arriving as she did, unexpected, at night, in the worst season of the year, and to a house that Mr. Jameson had taken temporarily while the one to which he had hoped to bring her was being built, she was overcome with the many discomforts of domestic life. *"I met no familiar face, no look of welcome. . . . I was sad at heart as a woman could be—and these were the impressions, the feelings, with which I entered the house which was to be called by me home. . . . The house is ill-provided with defences against the cold and altogether comfortless; . . ."*

According to Captain Bonnycastle, Mr. Jameson had *but three servants*—a man, a cook, and a housemaid—whose wages he gives with meticulous care, and she found them all unsatisfactory.

The next day after arrival was little better. *"What Toronto may be in summer I cannot tell; they tell me it is a pretty place. At present its ap-*

pearance to me, a stranger, is most mean and melancholy. A little ill-built town on low land at the bottom of a frozen bay, with one very ugly church without a tower or steeple, some Government Offices built of staring red brick in the most tasteless vulgar style imaginable: three feet of snow all around and the grey sullen wintry lake, and the dark gloom of the pine forest bounding the prospect; such seems Toronto to me."

Had Mrs. Jameson but stayed longer, had she accepted and returned some of the overtures of friendship given to her, she might not have published her slighting remarks of men and things in Toronto. Starved for real happiness, she lived in the hope of finding romantic novelties and excitements to distract her mind, and in "the mean and melancholy aspect" of the town there was no novelty, and with its hopes, its aspirations, and its future, she had no sympathy; and so conscious was she of her intellectual superiority over the small society of the place, that she failed to perceive the pettiness of her vanity, or the crudity of her own conduct. With the courage one might almost say, of despair, Mrs. Jameson broke away from her "mean surroundings" and with the objective of collecting materials for a book, she made a trip through the same Georgian Bay district, that the Sheriff and his friends took the year before, and it was Samuel Peters Jarvis, cousin to the Sheriff, who was enabled to do so much for her.

While there is plenty of indulgence in her descriptions of the Indians, it is plain that round them she

can weave her skilful web of romance; and it is always her imagination, fired by her subject, that creates her descriptions.

Her meeting with Mr. MacMurray and his gentle Indian wife is delightfully told, and coincides with the impressions received and described by the Sheriff a year earlier.

The only white woman present at the gathering of Indians on the Great Manitoulin Island, for the presentation of gifts from the Government, she had the character to endure actual contact with the Indians, and to sit patiently hour after hour, amid the heat, pests, and smells of those thousands of unwashed aborigines, that she might hear the speeches and record them.

Their party included Major Anderson, assistant to Mr. Jarvis, young Colborne, a son of the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray, and a few assistants.

The Indians from the tribes of the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawotomies and others to the number of four thousand had collected. They were all in great distress, as the hunting season had been a poor one. Their chief spokesman was the celebrated Chief Blackbird, who could out-talk any parliamentarian ever known. On one occasion he had talked from sunrise to sunset without intermission.

Mr. Jarvis replied to the speeches and then distributed the gifts and the meeting broke up with apparent satisfaction on their part.

Of the crime of selling whisky to the Indians, Mrs. Jameson draws a vivid and appealing picture—their complete degradation when once the “fire-water” had been touched—the pitiful fate of the women and children when this demon had entered their wigwams, and of the efforts of the few who championed their cause and were fighting the evil with all the strength and skill that they could command.

In Samuel Peters Jarvis they had found a strong and forceful friend, and whenever the chance came, he had small mercy upon the trader, either Yankee or Canadian, who cheated these poor forest children of their possessions, poisoning their souls and bodies, while exchanging cheap drink for new blankets, clothing and rifles.

It happened that just as the meeting at Manitoulin was over, one of these traders arrived in a small boat, with the results that she describes.

“Information was brought to the Superintendent that a trader from Detroit with a boat laden with whisky and rum was lying concealed in a little cove, with the purpose of waylaying the Indians and bartering the whisky for their new blankets, guns and trinkets. I exclaimed with indignation; but Mr. Jarvis did better than exclaim. He sent off Blackbird with a canoe full of men to board the trader and throw all the whiskey into the Lake, and then desire the owner to bring any complaint or claim for restitution down to Toronto; and this was accordingly done.”

Mrs. Jameson returned to Toronto with Mr. Jarvis and his party through Lake Huron, in bark canoes, spending three nights upon the way, and encountering drenching rain and thunderstorms and other difficulties, which she bore with wonderful fortitude.

"Always," she writes, "I have found efficient protection when I most needed, and least expected, it; and nothing could exceed the politeness of Mr. Jarvis and his people; it began with politeness, but it ended with something better . . . real and zealous kindness."

CHAPTER X

A JOURNEY IN "A RAIL-CAR"

IT WAS IN 1837, a few months prior to the uprising of the "rowdy radicals", that the Sheriff and his whole family went to New York and encountered the mixed joys and fears of their first journey upon "a rail-car".

Mary was very brave indeed to trust herself and her four precious children to that uncertain benefit. "Rail-cars" had just been born in the United States. The good people of Ohio were protesting vehemently about theirs. Crediting more than a small share of its appalling power to his Satanic Majesty, a contemporary description says:

"Dogs dropped their tails and ran like frightened fiends, trembling and howling, to the far-off mountains. Men there were who cleared ditches and fences at a single bound, as the hissing engine approached. Old men and women leaned on their staffs and gazed with visible awe, as if the Doomsday were at hand."

In England railroads had been a *fait accompli* for some years. 1829 saw the famous trials for locomotives held upon the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, and the *Rocket* acclaimed the winner.

Many persons of wealth and fashion, however, had not ventured upon them as yet. Charles Greville was making the great Rail Car adventure in July, 1837, at the time that the Sheriff and his family were



*Anne Murray Powell, wife of William Dummer Powell,
Chief Justice of Upper Canada.*

enjoying it, for he says:—"Tired of doing nothing in London . . . I resolved to vary the scene and run down here to see the Birmingham railroad, and the Liverpool Races. So I started at five on Monday morning, and got upon the railroad at half past seven. Nothing can be more comfortable than the vehicle in which I was put, a sort of chariot with two places, and there is nothing disagreeable except occasional whiffs of stinking air, which it is impossible to exclude altogether. The first sensation is a slight degree of nervousness and a feeling of being run away with, but a sense of security soon supervenes and the velocity is delightful."

Mrs. Powell had expressed some anxiety as to the advisability of the journey, as the children Fanny and William had had whooping cough. Mary writes, hastening to re-assure her, after reaching New York.

New York, 1837.

At length, my dear Grandmamma, we are comfortably stationed for a few days at the American Hotel, in this bustling busy City. For although our journey was performed in the shortest possible space of time, according to the present mode of travelling, yet having the charge of four children, and they being cold and uncomfortable, I assure you I was most anxious to reach our destination.

We arrived at Oswego without feeling any ill effects from sleeping in the steamboat, but unfortunately, owing to rain which fell during the day and night that

we were on board of the canal-boat, the poor children were very uncomfortable, and Fannie took a sad cold, which had caused me to feel some alarm for her. However, a medical gentleman who was called in to see her, thinks it is not likely to be serious

We left Ithaca on Friday morning at ten o'clock in the RAIL-CAR, which is really a most delightful mode of expediting a journey, and reached Albany about four in the afternoon, where we stayed all night, and proceeded to New York next day, which we reached at seven in the evening in the middle of fog and rain.

Uncle Murray came to see us after Church the next day and took William with him in the afternoon to St. Pauls to hear the famous Mr. Schroder. I kept house all day, Fannie was too weak for me to leave her. I am happy to say she is much better to-day. Aunt and Uncle came down at ten this morning, and we have been out shopping a'most all day; they dined with us and after dinner William went down with Uncle to Jersey City to witness the ascent of a balloon, with which he was much pleased. An old man went up alone in it, and we saw it pass over the City

Mr. Draper has just arrived, and leaves this place for Toronto to-morrow morning. I shall therefore trouble him with my letter. We talk of going to Hockett's Cove to see Thorborn's fine Dahlia show to-morrow and to Brooklyn to pay a visit to (undecipherable) who is not able to come to see us. I have not seen any of the Shafter Murray's yet, and we have not decided as to when we shall go on to Connecticut, most

likely in the course of a few days. Tell Anne I shall write to her when I reach New Haven

Uncle Murray has partly consented to go with William for a few days to Washington—it is now about eleven at night. William is at the Theatre, and I am so tired that I believe, my dear Grandmamma I must close my stupid letter. Give my best love to Aunt Eliza Ann and the Doctor and pray tell the latter that his former servant Joseph came to make inquiries about him.

30th.—I left off writing the night before last upon finding that Mr. Draper intended remaining another day, and I am happy to say that Fannie is much better, and they are all doing well. We leave New York for Connecticut to-morrow at seven. William and the children join, my dear Grandmamma, in kind love with your,

Affectionate,

M. JARVIS.

Forwarded by Hon. W. H. Draper.

A few lines have been written by Fanny, one of the children, upon that journey. They do not allude to the “rail-car”, but then they were written over seventy-five years later.

* * * * *

“Our Journey to New York, before I was seven. . . . very different was the way of travelling then from what it is now. A great part of the Journey was taken in Canal boats, drawn by horses, which to me and to my

small sister and brother, was a delightful mode of progress. We were on our way to Connecticut, being taken away from Toronto, for change of air after whooping cough, by our parents, and well looked after by our nurse, Rose Hannigan, and the coachman, John Wilson, who had both lived with my parents from my birth and for many years after."

CHAPTER XI

"THE REBELLION"

IT WOULD be futile to rewrite the account of the troublous times of '37. It has been told and retold by Tory and Radical, and only as it touched the daily lives of the family at Rosedale does it interest us.

Almost hour by hour we can piece together the momentous 5th of December in the family history of the Rosedale people as they waited, trembling and nervous, shadowed by sickness, for the warning that would hurry them away to the boats in the harbour, with the knowledge that there might be but the smoking ruins of their home when they returned; and but for the sturdy courage, the live gratitude, for favours done in the past, of one man, they would indeed have been homeless. They and their descendants have never forgotten the debt that they personally owed to Colonel Lount, for his humanity upon that occasion.

When arguments had failed to convince Sir Francis Bond Head that there could be the slightest danger of a rising on the part of the Reformers, when he had refused again and again to have any measure of precaution taken, the leaders of the Tory party realized that they were indeed between the Devil, in the person of MacKenzie, and the Deep Sea, as regards Sir Francis, and that their cause was in

grave danger. They felt that they had definite and sure information regarding the progress of events; they were amply provided with the means to suppress any uprising if they were but empowered to use those means. Their greatest danger lay within their own town.

Agreeing that something must be done, the leaders, Colonel Fitzgibbon, Beverley Robinson, Bishop Strachan and Sheriff Jarvis, decided to act quietly upon their own account. Let their Governor sleep if he would, wrapped up in his cloak of self-satisfaction; their duty lay by the anxious families that were watching and listening for the advancing rebels.

As no word had been received of the rendezvous of the insurgent forces on Monday evening, December 4th, Alderman John Powell and Wharfinger MacDonald, decided to ride up the Yonge Street Road, to gather what information they could. Powell, having no horse at the moment, borrowed from Sheriff Jarvis his powerful black, "Charley", and was supplied with pistols by the High Bailiff. MacDonald was unarmed.

They rode out in the darkness and had not gone far before they met Colonel FitzGibbon, who had himself been reconnoitring with Brock and Bellingham, but had turned back at the Blue Hill, opposite Sheriff Jarvis' house of Rosedale. Recognizing Powell, Colonel Fitzgibbon urged him to hurry and catch up to the others who were but a short distance ahead.

Powell and his companion rode quietly on as far as Gallows Hill, when out of the gloom four horsemen suddenly appeared. Expecting Brock and Bellingham to be returning, Powell was off his guard. One of the shadowy horsemen challenged sharply; Powell answered, realizing even as he did so, that they were being surrounded by the four—*all of whom were armed.*

They were MacKenzie, Anderson, the rebel military leader, and two others. . . . Powell saw with anger and dismay that MacDonald and he were prisoners.

They were ordered to continue up the road under the escort of Captain Anderson and another rebel, and had, on account of the narrowness of the road, to ride in pairs. Powell and Anderson fell to the rear. It took him but a moment to come to a decision.

From the flood of indiscreet boastings and threats loosed by MacKenzie, Powell had gathered the news of Colonel Moodie's death and that the rebels were assembled in force at Montgomery's, and were to advance immediately. Behind him lay the sleeping town of York, not a road barricaded, not a volunteer ready. Let that rabble once taste the exhilaration of success, the lust for burning, destruction and pillage, and they would wreck the town as ruthlessly as did the American invaders in 1813. His companion MacDonald he knew was unarmed; in him alone lay the responsibility of carrying a warning.

Reining back a pace, he pulled a pistol from under his coat and fired at his captor. Anderson fell without a word, and in the confusion caused by the plunging of his startled horse, Powell wheeled and galloped down the road.

Well might he bless the Sheriff for the loan of his good horse, for Charley was swift and sure—or Powell had never made his escape.

A few hundred yards further and he again encountered MacKenzie, who fired at, but missed him. Enraged that one with whom he was in almost daily intercourse, for they shared the same Aldermanic Bench, and sheer red anger at MacKenzie's unwarranted insults, made Powell take a useless risk. He rode back, and fired point-blank into MacKenzie's face. The pistol flashed harmless in the pan.

Wheeling rapidly, Powell spurred his horse and galloped down the Yonge Street Road, till, realizing that the toll-gate with its bar, would delay him, giving his pursuers an undue advantage, he checked his pace, abandoning his mount at the Davenport Road. Knowing every inch of the ground, he took to the fields and commenced his cross-country run, through the woodlands, over fences or ploughed fields, to the Governor's house on Front Street.

Powell was short and inclined to be stout, and had lead a more or less sedentary life, yet he covered the ground between the toll-gate and Front Street in so short a time that he arrived before Colonel FitzGibbon, who had announced that he was on his



John Powell escapes from the rebels and warns Toronto.



way to the Governor at their meeting earlier in the evening on Yonge Street.

Breathless and weary, Powell reached the Governor's residence, and rang an imperative summons. The household tried by every means to prevent him from so rudely disturbing the slumbers of their august master, but unceremoniously pushing aside all interference, Powell ran as rapidly as his condition allowed, to Sir Francis' bedroom, and waking him, gave him the outline of what had happened, and finally succeeded in convincing him of the need of immediate action. Sir Francis reluctantly arose and began dressing.

Powell, his duty done, left the room, and on his way down the stairs met Colonel FitzGibbon, to whom he related all that had happened, leaving in his capable hands all necessary arrangements.

With his mind occupied with the rapidly-moving events of the evening, anxiety concerning MacDonald and vexation that the Sheriff's valuable beast had fallen into the hands of the rebels, he made his way as far as Ridout's hardware shop on the corner of King and Yonge Streets, where he encountered a group of excited people, to whom he told his news, his encounter with MacKenzie and the deaths of Captain Anderson and of Colonel Moodie.

The news of Colonel Moodie's death had a sobering effect upon his listeners, who realised perhaps for the first time, that this was no mere political demonstration, but lawless rebellion.

It depends upon whether the reader be a Tory or a Radical, if he considers that Alderman John Powell and the Sheriff's horse, "Charley", had, that cold December night, done good work for "the City of Toronto", but one Historian says: "There seems abundant reason for believing that the shooting of Anderson proved the death blow of the movement. He would have led the men into the city at day-break the next morning. Nothing could have prevented the City from falling into the hands of the **insurgents.**"

It was appreciation of that eventful night's work that caused the citizens of Toronto to elect John Powell for their Mayor for three consecutive years following the eventful days of the "rising".

CHAPTER XII

THE FLIGHT FROM ROSEDALE

AFTER lending his horse "Charley" to Mary's cousin, John Powell, and seeing him ride off upon his mission, Sheriff Jarvis returned to Rosedale, his mind full of forebodings.

Should the rebels actually come to the point of bloodshed to gain their ends, it might mean a repetition of the scenes of 1813—the town in flames, pillage and ruin, and the dreary work of reconstruction to begin again. His more immediate anxieties were for the safety of his wife and family.

His two children were sick at the time, and Mary unwell. Perfectly aware that he was hated by MacKenzie, he knew that there would be but little pity for him or his were the insurgents to get the upper hand; and what was there to prevent them?

He had heard Sir Francis refuse with contempt all suggestions and plans for barricading the roads leading into the town, or to sanction any concerted plan of public volunteering. It was a bad business involving hundreds of innocent harmless people in a brawl brought about by avaricious schemers.

Reaching Rosedale, he immediately made what arrangements he could. A carriage with a stout pair of horses, and many blankets, was to be stationed on a side lane leading out the back way to the Ravine, which would, in case of need, take

Mary and the children down to the Powell home on Front Street. But for this unfortunate illness they should have been sent at once.

He must, perforce, trust all the last-minute arrangements to Wilson, the coachman, as his own duties necessitated his being in Toronto. Had it not been for these isolated dependent ones, he should not have come out so far at all that night. As Colonel of a volunteer regiment, he had duties enough and to spare.

Had the Sheriff not been so occupied and anxious, he might have heard the shot that startled the echoes of the ravine late that evening. It would have told him that Powell or some other had fired the mine, and that Rebellion, uncloaked and menacing, advanced with rapid strides. But the wind failed to carry the sound, and for a few more hours they rested as well as anxiety over the increasing sickness of the children could allow them.

Between six and seven the next morning the Sheriff arose, and mounting the horse that he had ridden out the night before, started for the City, while Wilson was despatched for Doctor Gwynne, as the condition of the children was causing Mary great anxiety. Wilson left upon his mission, but did not return. He had been captured by the rebels.

On the way down Yonge Street, the Sheriff encountered a man of doubtful loyalty.

"Well, John, what's the news with you to-day?"

"There's great news," said John. "Toronto will be taken and burnt if you don't stop it."

"You don't say so," ejaculated the Sheriff, riding on with a smile, indicative perhaps of a more complete knowledge of the circumstances than the other suspected, for John was known to have more than a little sympathy for the cause of the "Reformers".

Farther down the road, signs of excitement and confusion were to be noted and on reaching the City Hall, the Sheriff found half the town assembled.

"The Rebels are advancing; John Powell was taken prisoner by them, but escaped and warned the town. He's shot Anderson; it's all up with us." These and various other pieces of information were showered upon the Sheriff as he dismounted and sought Colonel Fitzgibbon.

John Powell hailed the Sheriff, and related all that had happened in the night, saying how much he regretted the loss of Charley.

All about them was a buzz of talk, but little action. Sir Francis Head, puffed with excitement and importance, negatived imperiously any suggestion other than his own. Should the rebels advance the town was lost, was the consensus of opinion. To delay them by any means was admittedly the only thing to be done until the bodies of militia said to be coming from the various outlying districts should have arrived.

A parley with the advancing insurgents was suggested, and reluctantly acceded to by Sir Francis. Sheriff Jarvis proffered his services, but this was immediately discouraged by his friends. His relationship with John Powell, who had just struck

such a blow at the rebel resources by killing their only available military leader, Captain Anderson; his ardent and open loyalist opinions, and the admitted dislike that MacKenzie was known to have for him, made him a certain mark for their vengeance and anger.

The responsibility of finding a suitable substitute however, devolved upon the Sheriff, and he immediately left the City Hall. Chancing to meet Mr. Harvey Price, the propriety of his carrying out this mission suggested itself. Mr. Price was a known Reformer, and had long been in opposition to the Government. He would have nothing to fear from the rebels. The Sheriff stopped him, and laid the proposition before him. Mr. Price abruptly and peremptorily refused, but suggested the names of Baldwin, Doctor Rolph or Bidwell.

Though angered by the other's manner, the Sheriff recognized the fitness of those mentioned by Price, and acted immediately upon the suggestion. No one he knew would fill the position better than Baldwin—who had just returned from England, had taken no part in the recent political struggles, and was respected by all classes. Doctor Rolph was known to be a Reformer, but his too-close connection with the rebel leaders was not as yet suspected.

After more than two hours of interviewing, during which he had to bring into play all his well-known powers of persuasion and cajolery, Sheriff Jarvis at last succeeded in bringing Baldwin and Rolph to the City Hall to receive their instructions from Sir

Francis Head. They then mounted and rode up Yonge Street in the direction of Montgomery's Tavern.

With what anxiety did the Sheriff follow them with his eyes, as they disappeared up the road. Where were the rebels? Of what temper were these men? Rosedale lay almost in their path. Had Doctor Gwynne arrived yet? If so, all would probably be well. He would see to their getting down to Front Street. These and a thousand other thoughts tortured him, as he returned to help in the mustering of the Regiment of which he was Colonel.

As yet no word of outrage or death, other than that of Colonel Moodie, on the Tory side, and of Anderson on the Rebels had occurred—both participants in the actual operations; but as yet no private citizens had suffered hurt, and the general belief still prevailed that this was more in the nature of a political demonstration than actual civil war. Rosedale might be safe after all.

It was about one o'clock when Baldwin and Rolph returned, disappointment plainly written upon their faces. The rebel leaders refused utterly to credit the verbal message of Sir Francis, and demanded a written document stating that should they disperse, all participants in the rising would be held guiltless.

The reluctant envoys had a very different situation to face now from that of a few hours before. They had an enraged Governor, whose pride had been insulted, who was brave in the knowledge brought

but a few minutes earlier of the arrival of reinforcements, and the rebels who but a few hours ago had been regarded as dangerous enemies, were now but a handful of curs. His contempt for them was supreme. His confidence in himself superb.

He absolutely refused to give in writing the promises made earlier in the morning. One purpose of the Embassy, delay of their attack, had been accomplished. The breaking of a promise was but so much smoke. Let them do their worst, he would carry the fight to them.

This unpleasant piece of information was conveyed by the Sheriff to the waiting envoys.

Dismayed and angered, Baldwin and Rolph returned to the insurgents, who had now advanced to Bloor Street, with the news of the Governor's refusal.

The information was received by the insurgents with resentment and anger. The men were hungry, morose and depressed. They realized but too clearly that they had been induced to join a cause that was badly organized, badly counselled, badly officered. They had insufficient arms or food. They were cold and unsheltered, and the weather was hourly getting worse. They refused absolutely to advance a foot when it was urged that their only hope lay in a rapid descent upon the unbarricaded city. Instead they demanded dinner, and ransacked the neighbouring homes in search of it.

Baldwin and Rolph returned and reported to

Sheriff Jarvis the failure of their mission. The Armistice was at an end.

MacKenzie was beside himself with rage. Reckless alike of public opinion or rules of warfare, he looked about for some means of wreaking his anger and spite.

The house of Dr. Horne, cashier of the Bank, a well-known Loyalist, was but a few hundred yards up the road. While the men were busy devouring or hunting for their scanty rations, MacKenzie galloped to the house, and roughly bursting in, ejected Mrs. Horne, and with his own hands set fire to the building.

In justice to the insurgents, be it said that as soon as the flames shot up and the deed became known, there was a general note of protest. Over a hundred of their best men declared themselves unwilling to follow a leader who would descend to such means, and Colonel Lount and others were outspoken in their condemnation of the wanton destruction.

MacKenzie seems to have been in an almost frenzied condition. The moment that he had satisfied himself that the house was a mass of flames, and had shaken off his critics, he pointed across the Ravine where, nestling among the trees, could be seen Rosedale, the house of Sheriff Jarvis. There would be vengeance indeed, for many a small prick to his vanity! Shouting to the men to follow him, he started in that direction.

Fortunately for the Rosedale family, he was surrounded by cooler heads, and kinder hearts, than

his own. Colonel Lount, and others, almost by force, prevented him from carrying out his contemptible design. Lount had heard of Wilson's capture, and of the cause of his mission. Wilson had been detained as was but natural, but a messenger was sent for Dr. Gwynne. He was given a safe conduct through to Rosedale.

In the meantime the smoke and flames that reddened the sky had carried their dread message to the dismayed family on the other side of the Ravine, and urged the anxious mother, swaying between fear of the advancing insurgents and fear of increased danger from the illness of her children, to take flight.

It is, perhaps, best told in the words of Fanny, one of the children who was so sick and so badly in need of Dr. Gwynne's kindly ministrations.:

"In the year '37, when I was seven years old, I remember the rebellion in Toronto. My father was Sheriff and we were at our dear Rosedale. The day the rebels came into town, my brother William and I were rather seriously ill, and Dr. Gwynne, who had been sent for at a very early hour, had just managed to get to the house. John Wilson, who had gone for the Doctor, had been taken prisoner. My father was obliged to hurry away to join the troops, and my poor brave mother was enjoined not to move her sick children unless absolutely necessary.

"A carriage with blankets was kept in readiness. Later in the day many rumours were brought in—first,

across the Ravine, Dr. Horne's house could be seen in flames, and the poor dog had been shot. At last the rebels rushed down Yonge Street, calling out, 'Down with the Sheriff! Down with Jarvis!'

"My mother thought it was time to fly. We were carried to the carriage and found our way down behind Rosedale, round Bloor's Pond, and through Mr. Allen's property to King Street, and on to my great-grandmother's curious house in York Street. Later on my father heard it was Lount, one of the rebel leaders, who saved Rosedale from destruction. He halted at the hill, and said that if the people did not stop, he would leave them, that he was not there to fight women and sick children—and they did turn back. Lount had heard from John Wilson, who had been taken prisoner on his way for Dr. Gwynne, of the illness, and sent another messenger. My dear father did all in his power to save Lount from his dreadful fate, and nearly broke his heart about it, but that, of course, was later.

"The other special thing that I recall during the rebellion was our being sent with my mother and the other Toronto ladies, on board a steamer on the Bay, as it was feared the city might be burnt. I remember one amusing thing, that I did not understand until later, one gentleman of Toronto was found hiding in the steamer—the only one on board."

After this holocaust to the God of Spitefulness and Anger, MacKenzie and his entire force retired disgruntled to Gallows Hill, to await a more definite plan of action. Confidence of the insurgents in their

leader, in the justice of their cause, and in the possibility of ultimate success was broken, and they only finally yielded to the inducements and arguments of MacKenzie when he pointed out to them that they had gone too far to go back and that their only hope lay in an immediate and overwhelming attack.

At six-thirty the entire force of seven hundred men formed up in the best manner they could devise, as since the death of Anderson they were without an officer of military experience. What few riflemen they possessed were placed in the front ranks, behind them the farmers armed with pikes, and behind them again such as had a firearm of any kind—fowling piece, musket, or old flint locks. They then started upon their march.

CHAPTER XIII

"THE SHERIFF'S PICKET"

IN TORONTO meanwhile, matters were but little improved or altered in the last twelve hours. Though Colonel FitzGibbon had used all his arguments to bring home to Sir Francis the necessity of defensive measures, he was met by continual rebuffs, and finally was placed practically under arrest in the City Hall, while Sir Francis *talked* of what *he* was *going to do*.

As evening drew near the situation became acute, and without further consultation with His Excellency, Colonel FitzGibbon directed Sheriff Jarvis to take a small force of men up the Yonge Street road as an advance guard.

Accordingly, the Sheriff and twenty-seven volunteers marched out in the gathering dusk and took up a position in the garden of a house near the present Maitland Street. There the Sheriff divided his small force and concealed them on either side of the road with orders to await his signal to fire.

Theirs was no enviable position. According to the latest reports, they were awaiting a force of some four thousand men in a worse than undisciplined state, headed by a man who had already given evidence of his intentions towards the loyalists. It was a bitterly cold night, and they were, moreover, unutterably weary from lack of sleep.

At about seven the sound of the tramping of many feet was felt rather than heard, and presently the head of the insurgent column emerged from the darkness. Waiting until they were close upon them, the Sheriff gave his men the order to fire; and a fairly well-directed volley startled the advancing column. Though it ultimately proved not to have done much harm, it had the desired effect of throwing the front ranks into instant confusion—and though Colonel Lount did his utmost to rally his men and succeeded in firing a return volley, the Sheriff's picket had retired and were untouched.

The insurgents in the rear thinking from the noise and confusion of the front ranks that they were in conflict with a large force of regulars, fell into a panic, and retreated pell-mell back in the direction of Gallows Hill.

A few days later, somewhat to their surprise, the valiant twenty-seven awoke to find themselves heroes. The reports of the local journals had, in varying manner but unlimited quantity, voiced the public appreciation.

The *Patriot* published some fifty verses of doggerell celebrating the event, signed by *The Patriot Boy*.

*This prompt repulse the City owes
To one who's dear to fame,
In wisdom ripe and brave in arms,
Fitz-Gibbon is his name.*

* * *

*Brave Jarvis, and bold Cameron,
He chose to lead this band,
And good his choice, for truth to tell,
They made a noble stand.*

*How quick they made the cut-throats run,
Some hundreds from a few;
Leaving their wounded and their dead,
Is known to all of you.*

Another publication, in a more prosaic manner, declared that "Sheriff Jarvis' outpost guard had probably been the means of saving the City and the Government from at least a temporary humiliation", and later a noted historian declares: "Thus past away the last opportunity of success on the part of the insurgents, and the Sheriff's outpost guard had probably been the means of saving the city . . ."

Truly, they had a nasty position—a handful against hundreds (it was rumoured thousands) of lawless men, ignorant of warfare being carried on according to rules. War meant killing somebody, and in the nastiest way possible, and if all had been armed, as an eye-witness of the affair declared that they were, they would have been most disagreeable to meet.

Describing the dead and wounded left upon the battlefield in number, varying, according to the historians, from one to two, besides a number of wounded, the account says:—

". . . near the body of the dead rebel was found a fowling-piece and two pikes about ten feet long,

manufactured with punctilious regard to destruction. The blade stuck into the shafts, which are of hickory, and pear-shaped, sharply pointed and double-edged, calculated for thrusting and ripping up bellies. No doubt the contrivance of the bloody-minded villain MacKenzie."

CHAPTER XIV

AWAKE AT LAST

WHEN THE NEWS that the enemy had actually been at their very doors, and had been put to flight by the Sheriff's small picket of twenty-seven, it stirred the last laggard and unbeliever to action, and had the effect of rapidly converting a great many luke-warm souls to the Loyalist cause.

Sir Francis Head, with characteristic d'scrimination, decided that the supreme direction and command of the Volunteers was to be put into the hands of Allan MacNab, a man of fine character doubtless, but with absolutely no experience or former training, while Colonel FitzGibbon, hero of "Beaver Dams", and acknowledged by all as a military leader, was to be placed in an absolutely subordinate position.

This at once raised dissension and delay. Colonel FitzGibbon was incensed, MacNab had no idea how to proceed, until finally MacNab did the only possible thing that he decently could do in the occasion—and asked to be relieved from the command. Then Sir Francis was forced into accepting Colonel FitzGibbon, which he did with very bad grace; and precious hours were lost in these unseemly wranglings.

Finally, about twelve o'clock on Thursday,

December 7th, the entire force advanced up the Yonge Street Road to the music of two military bands and the encouraging applause of their townsmen.

Colonel FitzGibbon in command, Sir Francis as himself, with Colonel Samuel Peters Jarvis (cousin of the Sheriff) in command of the right wing and Colonel Chisholme with the left.

In the meantime Colonel Van Egmond, the man who had been induced by MacKenzie to take charge of the military operations of the Rebels, arrived on Thursday morning, as he had promised.

He was angered and dismayed when he gathered that they had been so injudicious as to risk an advance without the reinforcements promised, and in advance of the time stipulated by them for the gathering at Montgomery's Tavern.

The equipment of the men was utterly inadequate, and he declared an advance under the circumstances would be but madness. MacKenzie fumed and attacked him fiercely, but he stood firm. Reinforcements they must have, or be utterly routed.

These discussions took up the better part of the morning, and it was half-past twelve when the sentries gave notice of the approach of the Volunteers. Hurrying out, the rebel leaders could plainly see the flashing of the sun upon the arms of the advancing force.

Hastily rallying the men, Van Egmond placed them in some sort of order and prepared for the inevitable attack. It would have been better had

they dispersed at once, for the result could have been foretold at a glance. What stand could a handful of half-armed, untrained men make against a well-equipped, well-fed body of trained militia, armed and strengthened by artillery?

A few rounds of cannon ball flew hurtling through the trees, harming no one it is true, but making much noise and great havoc upon the nerves of the rebels, who fired a volley at the advancing column, and departed in great haste.

MacKenzie was seen running across a ploughed field as fast as his short legs would carry him, and mounting a horse kept saddled and ready for him on a side road, made sure of his own safety without a thought to that of his followers. A few shots, a roar or so from a cannon—and the “battle” of Montgomery’s Farm was over.

Sir Francis Head, in the first flush of victory, seems to have felt some celebration necessary, and chose Montgomery’s Tavern for his bonfire—a just retaliation, so he deemed, for MacKenzie’s wanton destruction.

Delighted with that, he next ordered Gibson’s residence to be fired, and insisted that Colonel FitzGibbon do it *personally*—a piece of petty spite that was resented by all. So, having killed one man and burned two houses, Sir Francis’ wrath was appeased and the Loyalists marched home to dinner.

The tide of public opinion had turned. Many had been sympathizers with the Reformers so long as they only talked reform, but now that their

cause was lost, they had become rebels; and the more uncertain their past the more eagerly the newly-converted Loyalists sought to curry favour with the Tory party by offering up any poor ignoramus who had been induced to join a cause that was as yet immature and misunderstood.

To the older Loyalists who had suffered in the American Revolution, given up all they possessed for the sake of their flag, and encountered unbelievable privations in moving to Canada, the mere idea of reform stank of rebellion. Who could blame them if they wished to keep for themselves and their children the country and the constitution they had fought for?

But the months following the outbreak of rebellion were sad and ignoble ones for Canada. Petty people did petty things. It was a time of reprisals and betrayals. Many innocent people suffered loss, imprisonment or death—while those really responsible for stirring up the trouble escaped.

MacKenzie, author of the greatest part of this insurrection, through the columns of his paper and through his incendiary speeches, escaped to the United States, while Colonel Lount and Matthews, after untold hardships, were betrayed or captured and after months of imprisonment were tried and sentenced to death. Public opinion was deeply stirred and innumerable efforts made to save both these men, but they were unfortunate in the new Governor, Sir George Arthur, the man sent to replace Bond Head—and almost as unfitted for the post.

He had come from the governorship of Van Diemen's Land, and thought that the methods in vogue there would do quite well in Canada. He was mistaken, and his tenure of office short.

It has often been told by the daughter of Sheriff Jarvis how grieved her father was at the sentence pronounced upon Lount and Matthews, and how he worked to obtain a mitigation in the sentence, but to no avail; and though almost the entire city joined in a petition to have these men pardoned, Arthur was obdurate and on Thursday, April the 12th, 1838, Lount and Matthews were hung.

CHAPTER XV

THE EXECUTION

THE SAME wave of reactionary feeling that had caused the citizens of Toronto and the surrounding district, regardless of political principles, to unite in petitioning Sir George Arthur to pardon Lount and Matthews, urged them now to assist at the grim finalé of the Revolution that was ordained to take place on April 12th.

The first grey streaks of dawn revealed small groups of silent watchers, whose numbers increased with rapidity as the daylight came. They gathered in the open square facing the jail, where the horrid form of the gibbet reared high on end, its ropes dangling and swaying in the breeze.

With the coming of the soldiers who surrounded the place of execution and guarded the lane from the doors of the jail, the crowd formed themselves into a more compact and orderly mass, and awaited with tense expectancy, as the minutes sped all too swiftly away. They were awed, and many of them deeply moved. Death in itself held no terrors for them. Friends, relatives died—they expected to die in their turn. This, however, was different.

The two men who were to be sent so tragically upon that last long journey to Eternity had lived among them. Each had been popular in his own way, had been kindly and humane; others of greater

culpability during the rising had escaped. Were these men not enduring more than their share?

Colonel Lount's name was whispered with respect and regret, as though indeed he had already passed. The story of how he prevented the burning of the Sheriff's house passed from lip to lip. The brutal treatment of Lount's wife by the "cold-blooded Arthur" was cautiously circulated. It was no time to be other than in agreement with the powers that be.

Inside the jail the first preparations for the execution were taking place. A little before eight o'clock, the time appointed by the Court, Sheriff Jarvis entered the room where Lount and Matthews were confined together. He had a sincere regard for both men, and had tried every available means in his power to have their sentence mitigated, but to no avail, and as he faced them the knowledge of his failure and the revulsion of feeling at the task that lay before him was too much for his self-control. He burst into tears and was unable to speak.

Both men were deeply touched. Their demeanour was calm and grave. "Mr. Jarvis," said Lount speaking clearly and firmly, "do your duty. We are prepared to meet Death and our Judge." Putting his arms about the Sheriff's neck, he kissed him, and then stepped back, that Matthews might also give him that last sad salute.

A minute before eight o'clock, there was a sudden stir in the crowd. A sigh that was well nigh a moan arose as the jail doors opened and the little

procession descended the steps, and crossed the space towards the scaffold. First came the High Sheriff in his official robes, with drawn sword. Then Lount, in a white cap, with his arms securely pinioned. The Deputy next, also in official regalia, and then Matthews.

There was not a sign of hesitation on the part of either of the condemned men. They mounted the steep rough steps to the platform. Lount looked up to the windows of the prison which he had just left and bowed an acknowledgment and farewell to the friends watching behind the bars, and then kneeled quietly down on the trap beneath the hanging noose. Mr. Richardson, the clergyman in attendance, prayed; the Sheriff gave the signal; and all was over.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FANCY DRESS BALL

SOCIETY in 1837-38, though still fraught with deep feeling on political matters, grieving and resentful of lost friends or relatives, assumed an outward aspect of calm, and turned for an outlet to the cultivation of their interrupted social amenities.

Toronto was still the seat of Government, and also the headquarters for the Military. The girls wore hoopskirts and squeezed in their waists. The men fancied themselves in "Mutton-chop" or "Dundreary" whiskers and tightly-strapped trousers.

They had sleighing parties in winter that even the critical, supercilious Mrs. Jameson envied.

"I stood at my window to-day, watching the sleighs as they glided past. They are of all shapes and sizes. A few of the carriage sleighs are well appointed and handsome. . . . Others are like carts, and others called cutters, are mounted upon high runners like sleigh phaetons. These are sported by the young men and officers of the garrison, and require no inconsiderable skill in driving. As I am assured that they overturn in the snow not above once in a quarter of an hour, and no harm and much mirth ensues."

There were dinners given by Sir John Colborne, and other prominent people. There were "Readings,"

"Musicales" and private theatricals at Hazelburn, Samuel Peter Jarvis' house, and at the close of the season the more elaborate and unique event of the Fancy Dress Ball given by the Sheriff and Mrs. Jarvis at Rosedale.

The guests numbered about four hundred and all were in costume simple or elaborate as the case might be. The whole house, now enlarged to nearly twice its size since the Sheriff brought his bride there, was thrown open, heated by many stoves and lighted by innumerable lamps with coloured shades. Flowers spread their fragrance and beauty in every room, and even the tall old clock in the hallway was wreathed in vine leaves.

Quaint and formal in language, written in beautiful "copperplate" penmanship, are the replies to the "kind invitation of Mrs. Jarvis". . . . "Mr. and Mrs. Elmsley will have great pleasure in waiting upon Mrs. Jarvis" . . . and "Mr. Bainbrigge presents his compliments and will do himself the honour of accepting" . . . while Captain Macaulay, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Dr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Mr. Lee, Miss Hurd, Miss MacDonald, Col. Farquharson, Mr. S. Grough, Mr. and Mrs. Billings, Mr. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. Roberts, Mrs. and Miss Ridout, Major and Mrs. McGrath, Mr. Ford Jones, Mr. Corbold, Mr. and Mrs. Eston, Mr. and Mrs. Bains, Mr. George Allan, Capt. Pock, Mr. Tarbutt, Miss Cameron and Capt. Buchanan and many, many others whose names are too faded to be legible,

but who were all part of that gay gathering under the hospitable roof of Rosedale.

The Fancy Dress Ball was an event which at that time was almost unique. The majority hailed it with joy and delight, though there were a few who frowned upon its frivolity. One reply deprecates the fact that Mrs. Jarvis has embarked upon such a frivolous course. "I must say that I wish you had not set the hearts and hands of our good townfolk running after the gay goddess pleasure;" and Anne Baldwin writes, "Many thanks for your kind invitation for Monday the eleventh, but even if it were consistent with my views to go to a Ball, my present situation would prevent me. Mr. Baldwin has but recently recovered from a long and serious illness, and would not venture out at night."

In her "recollections", the Sheriff's daughter, then a child of seven, gives a more personal touch, and when it is remembered that it was written when the child had passed her four-score years, it is surprising that it should be so clear.

"I remember the large verandah being closed in, with a stove at each end, and decorated with pictures. Some of the characters I have never forgotten. My Mother was Mrs. Leo Hunter, Sir John and Lady Colborne were present, but whether they were in the costume or not, the deponent sayeth not.

"My father was a Welsh noble, 'Baron Gwynnwynn'; Judge Haggerty had an asses' head and a lawyer's gown; Allan Grant of Osgoode Hall was a negro; John Gwynne was the Veiled Prophet of

Khorassan. Another character which I distinctly remember was most amusing: George Wells, son of Colonel Wells of Davenport, came as a squaw with a papoose, the head and face made of an apple. . . . His brother Robert introduced the different characters."

The "Society Notes" of the week draw a picture that can hardly be improved upon.

The following extract from the *Patriot* of that date says:—

"We cannot estimate the numbers assembled at Rosedale at less than four hundred persons; the mansion was fitted up with equal taste and judgment for their reception, the hospitable owner seeming to have paid equal attention to pleasing the eyes and suitably accommodating the persons of his numerous guests. A large suite of apartments was thrown open, consisting of reception, dancing, and music rooms. A most extensive verandah was enclosed and fitted up as a picture gallery, lighted up with a profusion of coloured lamps, and affording a spacious and picturesque promenade. On entering the reception room, the guest was announced in his character, and presented to the fair hostess, who appeared on an elevated platform, in the admirably selected character of Mrs. Leo Hunter, the fascinating and all-accomplished lady patroness of the Pickwickian Revels. 'Mine Host', in a striking garb of a Welsh noble, Baron Gwynnwynn, was conspicuous in his endeavours to ensure the enjoyment of his visitors. After presentment,

the guest had an opportunity of admiring the motley group by whom he was surrounded, and attempting to decipher the various quaint devices—historical, mythological, philosophical, metaphysical, empirical, quizzical and comical—which bewildered him on all hands.

“When most of the company had arrived, the appearance of the whole assembly was of a most novel and picturesque character. The strange mingling of costumes, the gorgeous and the whimsical, the wild inventions of low humour, with the barbaric magnificence of savage life, gold embroidery and sober homespuns; in short, the most opposite extremes in startling juxtaposition, of necessity produced an effect not easily to be equalled or forgotten.

“Our attention was first attracted by a most exquisite group of Indians, fresh from the wilds of the North-West, pure and startlingly natural, as if surrounded by a more genial atmosphere, the rude winds that awake the echoes of the far-off forests of the Huron, or sweep on his waves against the haunted shores of the isles of the Manitou.

“The arrangement of this group was almost faultless; the chiefs in the complete and striking war array of the tribes, and the fair Pocahontas or Squincanacousta, who accompanied them, equally distinguished for the elegance of her appearance, and her pleasing maternal anxiety for the innocent pledge of wedded love which she carried in her delicate arms. The characteristic gravity of the

Indians, the peculiar step, the wild cries, the savage dance and guttural enunciation, seemed to be most familiar to those admirable imitators: the illusion was complete.

"A numerous body of pirates, headed by a dashing-looking character, with a death's head and cross-bones, apparently

*"as mild a manner'd man
As ever scuttled ship, or picked a pocket.*

attracted constant attention by their dare-devil nonchalance and somewhat irregular musterings at the shrill summons of their leader.

"But a feeling of deep-rooted reverence, almost of awe, stole over us as we gazed on the almost-worshipped form of 'the Hero of a Thousand Handbills', the acknowledged first man of the age—the immortal Mr. Pickwick! He was before us bodily, substantially—the breathing impersonation of gentle humour and kindly philosophy. And thou too, meek emblem of disconsolate widowhood, unforgotten Mrs. Bardell; thy attention equally divided between thy disinterested attachment for the Pickwick, and thy maternal fondness for the 'little image of thy departed collector', that trotted by thy side! Then our eyes rested on the flashing groups of oriental character:—

*The wild Albanian kirtled to the knees,
With shawl girt head and ornamented gun;
The gold embroidered garments fair to see;*

The crimson scarf'd men of Macedon!
The Delhi, with his cap of terror on,
The crooked glaive—the wily supple Greek;
The swarthy Nubia's mutilated son—
The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak;
Master of all around, too potent to be meek.

“Few countries were without their fitting representatives, varying, of course, in the appositeness and richness of costume; but all tending to heighten the effect on the whole. The chieftain of Clan-Appin, stern Rhoderick Dhu, need not have blushed for his fanciful substitute; Rob Roy, Lochiel, Glengarry, and the courtly form of the Knight of Snowdon, the sage Walsingham, the stately Gaelotti, the Wizard of the Stars, and the majesty of Danish Canute, all seemed to eyes of an after-age with the vision of their proud forms and haughty brows.

“The gallants of the o'den time, the Grandisons and the Lovelaces, were with us, robed in the fantastic array of their period—and smiling in contempt at the puny foppery of modern dandyism.

“Then came the strange array of comic characters, at the head of which must be placed the inimitable and unapproachable Mr. James Brown of Virginia the ‘ossifer of colour’, the delight and entertainment of the evening; the urbanity of his manners, the graceful dignity of his appearance, and the natural elegance of his conversation made him deservedly popular. The well-supported clown, with his grotesque

painting and fanciful costume, the Jack of Clubs; the portly form of the German noble, Count Casgo-whiski. The most laughter-causing group, Chang Yang and Yang Ho, with the deer's head and horns, and the ponderous queue supported on the shoulders of the attendant; Night and Day, Mr. and Mrs. Snooks, the Flycatching Idiot, Little Red Riding Hood, Hans Vans Slapperbottom, the Canadian Patriot General (a most unvarnished loafer), the Toiler and his board, the Travelled Monkey, Charity Boy, Collegians, etc., etc., afforded infinite amusement. One most incongruous character we observed, however, viz., Bully Bottom, the transformed hero of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with his ass's head, who by some fairy gentleman had got smuggled into the habiliments of a grave barrister, instead of the ordinary dress of an Athenian mechanic, there was evidently some mistake in this character; our old friend Ballie Nicol Jarvie, etc., etc., and a numerous host whom it is impossible to particularize from the casual observation of an evening. The costumes of the gentleman were many and well selected, and capable, if properly arranged in due chronological order, to have given the amused spectator a series of illustrations of 'the art of dressing the human body', from the present time through the various changes of the fashionable world, almost up to the 'fig leaf millinery' of our first mother."

This second extract, though substantially the same as the other, is included on account of its allusion to the much opposed union of Upper and

Lower Canada, that was agitating people's minds in '39, though it did not take place till two years later.

"The memorable fancy-ball given here at a comparatively late period, but during the Sheriff's lifetime, recurs as we go by. On that occasion, in the dusk of an evening, and again probably in the gray dawn of morning, an irregular procession thronged the highway of Yonge Street and toiled up and down the steep approaches to Rosedale house—a procession consisting of the simulated shapes and forms that usually revisit the glimpses of the moon at masquerades—knights, crusaders, Plantagenet, Tudor and Stuart princes, queens and heroines; all mixed up with an incongruous ancient and modern canaille, a Tom of Bedlam, a Nicolas Bottom 'with amiable cheeks and fair large ears,' an Ariel, a Paul Pry, a Pickwick, etc., etc., not pacing on with some versimilitude on foot or respectably mounted on horse, ass or mule, but borne along most prosaically on wheels or in sleighs.

"This pageant, though only a momentary social relaxation, a transient but still not unutilitarian freak of fashion, accomplished well and cleverly in the midst of a scene literally a savage wild only a few years previously, may be noted as one of the many outcomes of precocity characterizing society in the colonies of England."

In a burlesque drama to be seen in the column of a contemporary paper, *The Colonist*, of 1839, we have an allusion to this memorable entertainment. The news is supposed to have just arrived of the

union of the Canadas, to the dismay, as it is pretended, of the official party—among whom there will henceforth be no more cakes and ale. A messenger, Thomas, speaks:

*"List, oh, list—the Queen hath sent
A message to her Lords and trusty Commons—*

ALL: *"What message sent she?"*

THOMAS: *"Oh the dreadful news!
That both the Canadas in one be joined—(faints).*

Sheriff William then speaks:

*"Farewell, ye masquerades, ye sparkling routs:
Now routed out, no more shall routs be ours;
No gilded chariots now shall roll along;
No sleighs that sweep across our icy path—
Sleighs! No: this news that slays our warmest
 hopes,
Ends pageantry, and pride and masquerade."*

The characters in the dramatic *Jeu d'esprit*, from which these lines are taken, are the principal personages of the defeated party, under thinly disguised names: Mr. Justice Clearheard, Mr. John Scott, William Welland, Judge Brock, Christopher Samuel, Sheriff William, as above, and Thomas, etc.



PART II





William Botsford Jarvis.
High Sheriff of the Home District of Upper Canada.

CHAPTER XV

THE OREGON QUESTION

THE SHERIFF had dreamed and often spoken of seeing England and 1844 saw the accomplishment of his wish. The voyage, in a sailing ship "being under twelve days," was considered a most unusual event.

It was a more than usually interesting year in England. Louis Phillippe's visit to the Queen was the topic of the hour; the first French Monarch that had ever done so, and his progress was marked with great pomp and ceremony.

India was restless and discontented. The outbreak of the Sikh War was stirring England. "General" Tom Thumb was amusing the Queen at Windsor, who, to the great surprise of her Court, retained the intelligent little man for three weeks.

The following letters tell so complete a story that little or no comment is needed.

Left Boston 2 o'clock p.m., 1st Aug. 1844.

Left Halifax past ten a.m., 3rd Aug. 1844.

Saturday morning, 3rd Aug. 1844.

My dear Mary,

We are now in sight of Halifax and in a few minutes will arrive there. It is a pretty town built on the side of a hill—wooden houses.

Monday, 12th Aug., 1844.

At 2 o'clock a.m. made the light of Cape Clear on the Western coast of Ireland—the whole passage being one of extraordinary speed and smoothness—winds light and fair, all the way from Boston—NEVER A HEAD, on Saturday—or rather during Friday night—it increased—and during Saturday and Sunday it increased and became nearly a gale—the Sea soon got up—and we scudded along under a reefed foresail and top sail at a great rate—the wind lulled during the night, and after a run of 8 days and 14 hours from Halifax, we came in sight of the light on Cape Clear—10 days and 11 hours from Boston—we are now steering nearly due East for Tuscar—up the St George's Channel and expect to reach Liverpool at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning.

London, 14 August, 1844.

My dear Mary,

I understand that the Great Western is to Sail before the regular packets by Halifax—and I hasten to inform you that I arrived HERE at 8 o'clock last evening—after one of the most delightful passages across the Atlantic that ever was made. We were under 12 days from Boston—and under 10 from Halifax—with the exception of one day—and the wind THUS fair we might have crossed in a bark canoe. I had just time to get my baggage thro' the custom House and get into the cars at Liverpool for London—and if ever there was a pretty—NAY LOVELY country, this must be it—as I shall write fully by the Steamer of the 20th let this suffice—and let

us all be thankful that that terrible gulf (or gulph) is passed in safety. God bless you and the Children—

Ever yours,

W.B.J.

The next year was that of the "Oregon Question". When the slogan "Fifty-four forty, or fight" was in all men's mouths, and when the general impression was that before the Boundary question could be settled that it would be "fight" for Canadians.

The United States, alive to the wealth lying just within her reach, was out to grasp all and more than she was entitled to, and England was too indifferent, too self-centered, to worry about "Colonial affairs."

The Boundary question was finally settled by arbitration between President Polk and Lord Pakenham. Though Canada was deprived of an immense territory by the final ruling.

The Sheriff from his earliest entry into the House of Assembly had taken much interest in the question of National Defence, and in particular the Militia, and when the Oregon Question aroused excitement in Canada he took occasion to make certain suggestions.

December, 1845.—The general impression seems to be, that Great Britain and the United States will come to blows upon the Oregon Question, or on some matter which the American Secretary of State in his Note to Mr. Pakenham seems to hint requires settlement, and as "discretion is the better part of valor" I would suggest the propriety of the Government at once placing

itself in a position to act with effect whenever the time arrives, should such be the case.

The Militia system is bad, and the state of the Militia under that system equally so, and it becomes the duty of all interested in the welfare of the Province to lend their aid in remedying the defects. It is my intention to make a few suggestions relating to militia in general and other matters on the defence of the Province.

There was great trade depression in Canada at the time, and a tide of emigration to the U.S.A. had commenced. Many of these talked of the uselessness of remaining British subjects, saying that Canada had much better join hands with the U.S.A. But even a critical Englishman like Bonnycastle seems to have had no doubt of the spirit of the representative people, for he says "as a proof of the loyalty of the Canadians, it is right to mention that, whilst I am penning these pages, the press is teeming with calls to the volunteers and Militia to sustain Britain in the Oregon War, and, because the militia is not prematurely called out, the administrator of the Government is attacked on all sides. Whilst I am writing, the Hibernian Society, in an immense Roman Catholic procession, passes by. There are four banners. The first is St. Patrick, the second Queen Victoria, the third Father Mathew, the fourth the glorious Union flag.

Reader, it is the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day, and the band plays God Save the Queen."

CHAPTER XVI

MAKING PLANS

MARY believed in maintaining a respectful and deferential attitude to the older generation. As deferential, that is to say, as was consistent with following the course she had decided to take. When therefore it became advisable that her children should exchange the restricted environment of Toronto for the advantages of foreign travel and education, she quietly made all necessary preparations and then dutifully notified "dear grandmamma" upon the decision.

There seems to have been a certain amount of feeling. Grandmamma had had a long life devoted to making decisions for others, and felt a little aggrieved. Mary's letter to her is very disarming.

The "delicate child" referred to survived delicacy to the age of eighty-two.

June 2nd, 1846.

My dear Grandmamma,

It was with much pain that I found that you were displeased with me, for not mentioning to you before our projected voyage to Europe, but never having any decided prospect of accomplishing the undertaking I did not think it necessary to trouble you with the expression of what might prove vain hopes, on the subject. I never had any idea of treating you with neglect or

disrespect; on the contrary I should wish to show every deference to your judgment on all occasions, but in this instance, where the health of our child is the inducement to try the effect of another climate which has been strongly recommended by almost all the medical men who have seen him, it never occurred to me to ask the advice of friends, as to the propriety of taking a step which we trusted might be the means of strengthening the health and prolonging the life of our son. William is exceedingly delicate and with only a slight chance of benefit, his Father and myself would consider no effort that could be made too great for his sake.

In a pecuniary point of view we have ascertained that we shall not be losers as we have ascertained from persons who have been resident abroad that we can educate our children and enjoy all the advantages of a salubrious climate upon the continent of Europe at less expense than in this country.

As to any danger of being unprotected in a strange land I have no fears on that head. We shall have every comfort and accommodation on board the steamer on crossing the sea, and the moment we reach England we go to Mrs. Maule, and afterwards take up our abode at Avignon for the winter, where we shall of course become acquainted with Mrs. Well's brother, and where we expect Mr. Jarvis will join us. If not, the children will be under good protection should anything happen to me, until their Father's friends should take them to England, but I am not uneasy on the subject, and we are taught to expect the same protecting Providence

everywhere, and as no duty will be infringed and no human being injured by our going, we have no reason to dread punishment or to anticipate disaster.

The only real drawback to our anticipations has always been unwillingness to take leave of you, as we must ever have a grateful sense of your kindness to us and the children, but a year will soon pass round and I hope we may yet meet again in health and happiness.

I have been very ill for some time or I should have been over to see you. I trust, my dear Grandmamma, that I have explained myself satisfactorily to you, and that the pain of parting will not be added to by you by any feeling of displeasure on your part.

Believe me, your dutiful and affectionate

G. Daughter

M. JARVIS.

I am afraid that my writing is very indistinct, but I feel so exceedingly unwell that I can scarcely hold a pen.

That of the Sheriff upon the same subject strikes a note of firmness that brooks no argument.

Monday, June 8th, 1846.

Dear Madam,

It was my intention to have called upon you yesterday and to have explained to you my intentions respecting Mary's movements for the next twelve months, but in addition to her illness, I am far from well myself.

I am not in the habit of troubling others with matters which are purely of a domestic nature until I have fully concluded upon the course which I intend to adopt, and it was not until the arrival of my last letters from England in answer to mine from Montreal that I could perfect my arrangements or be quite satisfied that they could be accomplished.

It has long been my most anxious desire to gratify Mary in forwarding her plans for the advancement of her children in their education, and it so happens (unfortunately) that the state of William's health requires attention and change of air, and I have at length consented if all are well, that they shall leave New York by the Great Western on the 25th of this month, land at Liverpool and proceed at once to Plymouth, where they will remain a short time with my sisters, and then proceed to some place on the Continent as they may be advised for spending the winter, it being my intention to join them in the month of October.

In addition to the desire of gratifying Mary and the children with a trip to Europe, which Mary has so long wished for, and which, from her constant and WATCHFUL attention to the education of her children, if for no other reason, she so fully merits.

* * * * *

The voyage to England being now reduced to almost a certainty as to the hour of arrival—the comforts and safety of the steam vessel—the reduced fares, and the arrangements which I have made for their reception by my relations in England will, I trust, set your mind at

ease respecting the safety of your Granddaughter and the care and attention she may require during her absence. I am aware that remarks have been made as to the propriety or necessity of this journey by some of our connections, but so long as I am satisfied with the expediency of it, I feel that to you only am I called upon to explain my intentions in matters in which your Granddaughter and my children's happiness and comfort are alone concerned.

I regret that Mary has not made known her wishes to you before this—but the anxiety not to do anything which might create annoyance or give you pain, has caused her to say but little upon the subject to any one until I could assure her that her wishes should be gratified.

Be assured, my dear Madam, that this step has not been taken by me without much consideration and though it will be attended with much expense and with many sacrifices to my personal comfort, I yet feel that the persons for whom I am making these exertions so well merit all, and ten times over and over than I will ever have it in my power to do for them—I do it with much satisfaction.

Believe, me, Dear Madam,

With great esteem,

Yours very truly,

MRS. POWELL.

W. B. JARVIS.

CHAPTER XVII

MARY IN ENGLAND

THE YEAR 1847 saw Mary and her four children safely arrived in England. They stayed for some time with Mrs. Maule, the Sheriff's widowed sister. Her son Arthur had, since her husband's death, been the guest and companion of the family at Rosedale, the Sheriff having undertaken the responsibility of his education.

While there they had an adventure which might have ended very seriously. The royal yacht with the Queen and Prince of Wales, then a child, arrived at Plymouth and small craft of all kinds put out from the shore to meet and greet the Queen. The superintendent of the dock yards, Mr. Foulds, took the Maule's and their guests in his private boat. In some way they became entangled with the cordage of the royal vessel which had to be stopped before they could be extricated.

Leaving two of the children with Mrs. Maule, Mary went to London with the older girls.

London, August 2nd, 1846

183 Regent Street

My dear Grand Mamma,

Confident that you would hear of us long before this time from Mr. Jarvis I delayed addressing you until

we came to London that I might be able to tell you something of our connections there. We spent a fortnight very pleasantly with Mrs. Maule and her family with whom we are very much pleased, she is an interesting amiable person and the girls are pleasing and ladylike. Willy is delighted with the two boys who are fine little fellows. I left Plymouth on Tuesday morning at six o'clock by the stage coach which goes thirty-five miles to Teignmouth where the rail way commences, and took Fanny and Louisa with me leaving the other three children with their aunt intending to stay a fortnight in London and then return for the children and embark in a steamer for Havre.

We left Teignmouth in an express train at eleven o'clock and arrived at Paddington Station at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4—the train never stopped longer than ten minutes which was Swindon, and not more than five minutes at the other stations. The girls would have been rather faint with hunger if their kind aunt Maule had not provided a basket of sandwiches for us. I had no trouble with our trunks as the porters of the rail way are obliged to place them in conveyances for the passengers. I took a fly at the station and drove to Regent Street where Miss Maule, a sister of the late Colonel, had obtained lodgings for us and we found dinner, which Mrs. Maule had written to London to order for us, ready waiting our arrival. Our rooms are delightfully situated and very comfortable and the girls are amused with seeing the splendid equipages and gay people passing continually. I sent the letter to James Murray and had a visit from him and Archie who is a nice young man.

Mrs Murray called but we were not at home and on Friday we were invited to take tea but being engaged we drove to their residence at Porchester Terrace Bayswater at 9 o'clock and sat an hour with them. I am much pleased with cousin James, his wife and two boys, they are very cordial to us. Mary Brown was there, she is as deaf if not more so than you are, and can hear with the trumpet which she uses always even what is said in a low tone. It is a very small trumpet not more than six inches long and if you would like one of the same kind I shall be delighted to get it for you.

The weather has been intensely hot during the last week. I never felt the heat more oppressive in Toronto, the thermometer was 93 in the shade and yesterday at 3 o'clock a most tremendous thunderstorm accompanied with hail stones of great size terrified Londoners who have not seen such a storm for years, four inches of rain fell and in Charing Cross sixty lights were broken in some offices, with windows in the roof. We spent the day at Hampton Court Palace and had a heavy shower there but nothing unusual. I have never felt the slightest annoyance in travelling since we left New York. We met with the greatest attention and kindness everywhere and the children are truly delighted with their visit to this beautiful country. We were much gratified at finding that Mrs. Wells had just returned from Switzerland and when Robert came into the room and announced their arrival we were really rejoiced. She has paid us a visit and is looking wonderfully well, she returns to Canada by the Great Britain and is going into Devonshire to stay with Mrs. Harris until her departure.

Robert is looking extremely well. They had a charming tour through Switzerland.

I have a great deal more to tell you but am afraid my cross writing is rather indistinct and therefore will wait until another opportunity. The girls unite in kindest love to Aunt Eliza Ann and Dr. Gwynne and not forgetting little pet Ann whose health we drank on her birthday and with our united love and duty believe me

My dear Grand Mamma

Your affectionate G. Daughter

M. JARVIS.

Returning to Plymouth they went direct to Paris where Mary took a small apartment with the younger children while the two eldest, Fanny and William, were placed in schools.

During the two years that passed with such rapidity to the children in Paris, with the interest and excitement of new sights and experiences, and that were so long to the Sheriff alone in Toronto, they met many new and interesting people. As with study and custom they were enabled to converse with tolerable ease they made friends and acquaintances that endured for a life time. Henri, Emilie and Clémence Goguel were the children of a delightful French family with whom they lived. Queen Emilie was god-mother to Emilie Goguel. M. de Goguel de Attelous, their father, was on the staff of the Duc de Nemours when some terrible accident

happened. M. de Goguel was killed and in consequence King Louis Phillippe and Queen Emilie felt responsible for the family.

They had tremendous advantages in both hearing and seeing the great actresses and singers of the day. The great Rachel and the singer Grunn were then in their zenith. Mary and the girls had the pleasure of hearing him and of also seeing the charming Rose Chérie.

Their studies were abruptly stopped by the Revolution of 1848 when the King and Queen had to make a hasty retreat from Paris. The English residents were not warned in time to leave and in consequence put in some terribly anxious days. The eldest daughter Fanny describes their experiences:—

I remember that my Mother and I had gone to make some purchases and while we were out the populace commenced their work of trouble. As we were passing the Place de la Concorde, we saw a man fall, and heard a shot. It was at a distance from us and we never knew whether or not the man was killed. When we arrived at our own door there were already six barricades in view—omnibuses and every kind of thing that the French fiends could lay their hands on. Our dismay and terror were extreme, but imagine how we felt when we discovered that my brother Willie, a boy of eleven years, was nowhere to be found. After several hours of agony and suspense he walked in quite coolly after his adventure. He had been shut into a butcher's shop. When the owners dared to open their door,

which by good fortune was not far away, he rushed back to his distracted family.

My sister Sarah was beginning to recover from a terrible attack of what the Doctors called typhus fever. We were AU PREMIER. A family that we did not know lived AU CINQUIEME, and a Mr. Williams, a huge Englishman, insisted on our going to his apartments and carried my sister, rolled up in blankets to a bed his family could ill spare. Our French servant had come in with the story that the English were being killed in every direction. It proved not to be true, but when one remembered all that one had read of the former revolution in France it was appalling beyond words. Our kind Dr. McCarthy, who was a friend in need, feeling anxious about my little sister, came later in the evening and sat beside her till morning.

I now forget how many barricades he was obliged to pass before he reached us. My sister Louisa and I spent the night in keeping lighted candles in the windows. I believe that if we had not done so the windows would probably have been broken by the crowd We were all rejoiced when we heard that the good King and Queen had escaped safely in the night. Very soon order was restored but on account of my sister's illness we could not leave Paris for a month or two after the Revolution took place About a month after the city was considered quiet and it was supposed to be safe to drive anywhere, my sister was taken for her first drive. She begged to go to the Hotel de Ville. We found a great crowd of Blue Blouses who pressed their faces against the glass of

the cab and frightened us terribly. We made our way to our rooms as quickly as possible.

Their little circle of friends gathered again about them. The Editor of the *Moniteur* was of the group, and M. Ubichini Martelli who was mixed up with the Government of Roumania and a personal friend of the King and his charming Queen (Carmen Silva). He afterwards married Clémence Goguel and lived in Vienna where three of the Princes passed several years as his pupils.

For a time Mary moved to St. Cloud that Sarah might have change of air, leaving the two others at school. It is plain to see how at this period of her life and ever after Mary lives for and in her children.

The long winter of 1848 passed for the Sheriff at Toronto in a succession of dinners out, small social events, and over and above all the ever keen anxiety over the arrival and departure of "the Post".

He never neglected to tell news of the pet animals for the benefit of the younger ones, or the little bit of "gossip" for his elder daughter, and a reference to politics or family finance for the benefit of his wife, his "news" is humorous, and never spiteful and his smiles at his neighbour's weaknesses, are always tinged with kindly indulgence.

Though the hope of a speedy reunion had been one of the main forces in his willingness to part with his family for the space of two long years, the Sheriff was disappointed again and again, as the letters plainly show and at last he declares it has become "unbearable" and that they must return.

Sunday 21st February, 1847

My dear Child,

In my little room, with the East wind beating the snow against my window, my feet comfortably enclosed in those beautiful slippers which you worked for me, with your letter of the 14th December before me, I shall pass an hour in writing to my darling children—to thank them for their letters, and to communicate to them any little intelligence, which my hurried scrawl of yesterday to their Mama, obliged me to omit. This will go by the Boston route, and as usual before the arrival of letters which will leave England on the fourth. The time appears so long since my last letter, that had they not contained intelligence of your recovery, I should have been very miserable—as it is I feel most anxious about you all.

Your nice letter, my dear Fanny, with the others which I have received from your Mother, I read over every Sunday to fill up the blank between Church, and having re-read it now, I will endeavour to repay you as wished by giving you a history of your pets. In the first place Tiny is very well, and no doubt would be very happy in a velvet cloak tripping at your heels in the promenades of Paris, but I will not communicate to him the loss which he has sustained by not going with you. The Parrot is as noisy as possible and a source of great amusement to Anna—He sits in her lap and allows her to smooth down his feathers and is very fond of her. The donkeys are at your Uncle's with old Charley and are in a high state of Preservation.

Your friend Miss F—— is very well, I saw her a few days since, whether or not she is to be Mrs. Brock, it is not yet easy to say. The FitzGeralds in consequence of having lost an Aunt, and got some money, are DRESSED in mourning but are very happy, they desired their love to be given to you, scolded me for not having delivered a like message which they said you had sent to them.

It is said that a Mr. Murray of the 81st Rgt. is smitten with Jane. William FitzGerald is going in a short time to visit his friends in Ireland. He is now in Montreal.

The Bachelors gave a Ball in the City Hall a few days ago—There were nearly four Hundred people at it. Mary was present and wore the ornament you sent out to her. She looked very well, and seemed to enjoy herself. Wm. is to build in the spring and I suppose will then get married. I have seen the lady only once, and think her a very nice girl, and I hope will make him a very good wife. Tom Hurd and his wife go to England in May or June, and it is probable that I may go at the same time—my next letters will probably inform you, as to my movements. Sam Jarvis, Jr., has got his Lieutenancy in the Rifles, his father has taken Elmsley's cottage on Yonge Street for the next summer. Emily is much improved in appearance, and Caroline has NOT been turned out of School, so I trust that she too has improved. Mrs. Alec Grant has a little daughter so small that it is a wonder how they keep life in it. The theatrical performances, have been rather improved by the assistance of the Military, and

Mrs. Bernard as the Manager's wife is made very happy in the news-paper praises which are bestowed on Mr. B——.

I have not seen ——— for an age. The Colonel is as dirty and as talkative as ever. Bob has recovered from the Small-pox, and wishes to get into the Army.

I am told Miss Givens wishes to go to England when I do, to join her sister Mrs. Hillier in London. Mrs. Wells is better than when she arrived from England, but very much changed. I had a long talk with her about you all—Your descriptions of Paris are most interesting and I trust that you have kept, as you intended, a journal of what you have seen—and the places which you have visited ———. It will not only be a source of gratification to me to peruse, but will be of benefit to you now and of use in all time to come. You are surrounded by a merry thoughtless people, differing in religion and habits from your own, but the intercourse to be of service by benefiting in what is useful and in abstaining from what is wrong. I am well pleased in your not allowing yourself to be led away by the French custom of devoting Sunday to amusement—and I am quite satisfied with your explanation of the "Fortune-teller" I would not conceive that the drawing of a card a hundred times in succession would make any impression on you, for depend upon it, my child, your fate does not depend upon a card—what God decrees will be carried out, and happy is it that we cannot see into the book of Fate.

Miss Fanny Jarvis.

.....
W.B.J.

Toronto, 12th October, 1847

My dear Child,

I wrote a long letter to your Mama yesterday by Montreal but the Postmaster thought that at this advanced season of the year it was just possible that the mail might be a day too late in getting to Boston—I therefore sent this across the country lest if my other letters should not arrive you be in the same state of anxiety in which I was when your letters were too late. I am much grieved that I have been unable to take advantage of Capt. Kingcomb's offer of a passage in his ship and indeed the lateness of the season and other matters make it more than doubtful if I shall cross this winter—I have written to recommend your Mother to remain in Paris this winter in order that your studies may be continued as they have been for the last year—and I hope with the same success.

Caroline Jarvis has astonished her family by returning to Toronto and I much fear that she will astonish them more now that she is here. I thank God, that my girls are not the hoydens that she is. Emily has cut E.H. and he is going to England with his brother and Mrs. H. Your friend Miss ——— is reported to be engaged to N— S———, but I think it is doubtful if anything serious will come of it. Mrs.——— gave invitations for a large party to celebrate Bob's majority but only fifteen persons went out to the great disgust of the parties—I was not able to attend; the distance and other engagements interfering.

Your friend Jane FitzGerald was much pleased

with your letter—She paid her first visit to the Falls a few days ago, and was quite captured with the grand sight. There is a report that Mr. Todd is paying his addresses to Eliza—But I hear of no one that takes a fancy to Mary—Wm. F. G. has not yet returned—I saw John Gwynne this morning and Tiny—the latter KNEW ME today, although some time since in the street she would not recognize me.

W. B. JARVIS.

Again we find the Sheriff in trouble over the stoppage of salaries and disappointed over his hoped for trip to join his family.

Toronto, 27 August 1847

Your letter, my dear Mary, and also one from Fanny came duly to hand the twenty-fourth after it was written—and when I find that letters can pass from place to place so rapidly it seems too hard that the writers cannot more easily come within reach of each other. I wrote you last packet, that I could not come before the end of September—and I hope that I will be ready to sail in the Sarah Sands, 2nd or the 24th, or by the Boston Packet of the 1st October at the latest.

I have been disappointed in not yet getting my money from the Government, but I fully expect to get it, and if NOT it will puzzle me “considerably” as the Yankees say to arrange. I have letters from England and have received an invitation from Capt. Kingcomb, to take a passage in his vessel which is coming out for troops—she has not yet been reported, as having arrived

at Quebec—but is daily expected—His invitation to Arthur I shall accept I think and send him home for should he not get into the Army the poverty which he sees there, may induce him to labour, and will open his eyes to their dependent state.

Miss Griffin has returned, and seems quite happy at being in Toronto—I had a long confab, about your passage across the Atlantic—I feared that your nervous disposition would make you a bad sailor but I did not expect to hear that you had all suffered so much.

We have had a son and two daughters of the Revd. Wm. Jarvis—the clergyman who stayed at Rosedale when GOVERNOR Peters was with them. They are very pretty girls but “the DARNEDEST” Yankees I ever met. I took them to the Band, and we had a party at Sam’s in the evening. Mrs. Hagerman left by the last Steamer and Mrs. John Robinson returned yesterday. I suppose I shall see her at the Chief’s when I dine tomorrow. Young Dickson, the man whom you saw at Newport, is paying a visit to his sister Mrs. William Bolton, and old Winstanly is dead—That is ALL THE NEWS of Toronto—The 81 have been removed and are to be stationed at Plymouth. Part of the Rifle Brigade is here commanded by Major Esten—brother of the lawyer. I saw his Mother at the Christening of Grant Powell’s child and the old woman seemed very happy at her son being stationed at this place. There is a LIVE LORD among them and we are going to feed some of them at the Club in a day or two. Wm. Pauls and his wife have accompanied that old lady, Mrs. Strange, to New York on her way to England. Grant and his

wife leave for Montreal tomorrow—Aunt Eliza has been quite sick for a few days back. The Stars are all well. Some English papers have exposed the railroad affair in England, showing up Mr. Frank and Mr. Widder to the great satisfaction of J. Gwynn.

I think I wrote you that W. was left out of the DIRECTION here in July last, but one of the directors resigned and the BOARD elected him but W. declined—I was applied to yesterday to allow myself to be elected by the directors but I declined to sit with those who had behaved ill to me.

I cannot give you any further advice than to make inquiries as to the best place in the South of France for the next winter and not to make any move till I join you. Everything has gone insofar well in the education and if the climate was not to be objected to—perhaps your present location would be better for the children for another six months, but more of this when we meet.

I have been greatly amused by your letters. The independent manner assumed by you in your perigrinations amongst the people whom you meet in thousands could not I suppose be carried out in England as on the Continent—

Your being locked out of your domicile was rather unlucky. Mrs. Draper expects her husband home in about ten days—I fancy he has been disappointed in not having received some honours for which I think he looked.

.....
God bless you all.

W.B.J.

Toronto, 4 March, 1848

My dear Child,

*On the anniversary of Coly's birthday I take the opportunity of wishing him and all of us, many happy returns of the day and seriously do I hope that (although not before you and Sarah's come round, I cannot expect that) before Willie's, that we shall all be together. * * **

I have just returned from Rosedale, Dr. Clarke has given up the place, and compromised with me for the rent. It is I fear not likely to be tenanted this summer, in fact no one would take it for one year, and it will require new paper and painting before it will be fit for anyone to inhabit, so that all things considered I think we shall take possession upon your return, which must be this next Summer. I cannot be without you another Winter. It is becoming unbearable, and I have you not a moment from my thoughts.

* * * * *

The house of Assembly is in Session and we get the news every night by telegraph two hours after it is MANUFACTURED in the house. We have had fine sleighing, the first this winter, and from appearances it may last a week or so, the weather during January and February has been very mild.

In writing, your letters must leave England every second Saturday at present, and not on the 4th and 19th of the month as formerly, in a short time they will leave every Saturday. Mr. ————— of New York, and Gregg of Boston will forward my letter through the U. States—but I have only had two in that way—and

one was sent from New York to Boston, the vessel having at that time come to New York, and it should have been addressed to Mr. ———.

I had a letter from Mr. ——— yesterday. Your Uncle Murray and Mrs. Murray were expected there from Baltimore. They were all well. I have not seen Tiny since poor James left but I am told that Mary Gwynne takes good care of him. The old Parrot is well, as are Charley* and the donkeys.

When writing about you all my eyes get full to overflowing and I make horrible work with my pen—I am just between using spectacles and trying to do without them. A month will enable me, I trust, to say clearly what steps I am to take for the summer; the Radicals coming into power has sadly upset my schemes. God bless you all.

Your affectionate Father,

Miss Fanny Jarvis.

W. B. JARVIS.

In the Spring of 1848, feeling that France was in too unsettled a state to be a pleasant or a safe country to stay in, Mary returned to Plymouth where they again spent some time with Mrs. Maule.

Ever since the death of Colonel Maule the Sheriff has been unremitting in his kindness to the family and having assisted in the education of the eldest son Arthur he now purchased for him a commission

*"Old Charley" the redoubtable charger that had carried John Powell upon his night ride to warn the City, had become a sort of family responsibility. And being nearly blind he staged his own end by falling into an excavation at the age of thirty.

in the Connaught Rangers. Before joining his Regiment Arthur spent some time in the company of his cousins. A friend of the Maule's, "Giant" Hardinge, on account of his enormous size, who afterwards married Mary Maule, took them out sailing in all weathers even when it was so rough that "we were obliged to sit on the edge of the boat." When it is remembered that hoop skirts and pantelets were *le dernier cri* for ladies, large and small, their adventure seems doubly adventurous.

The party then went to London to see their other relations the older Murrays and to find a school for Louisa. Leaving Louisa at Miss MacTurk's, the party finally set sail from Folkstone and after a rather stormy passage landed at New York where the Sheriff was waiting to meet them.

Fanny describes the voyage at some length and adds, *in those days a fortnight was considered a short voyage and I do not think we found it too long. We met our dear Father waiting for us in New York. He brought a huge basket of delicious grapes from our own hot house at Rosedale*

I cannot remember much of our home coming except that I was delighted to have my dear little dog back again and his wild pleasure at seeing me and the dear old Parrot who had been with us since I was seven years old and who lived for many years afterwards. We had many to welcome us, especially my great-Grandmother Powell who was then over ninety

CHAPTER XIX

BACK IN TORONTO

THE SHERIFF did not long enjoy his reunited family in Rosedale as the eldest daughter Fanny accepted the invitation received from the William Meredith's and left to spend some time with them.

I did not see much of Toronto that first winter after our return from Europe as I was bidden to Montreal in November to be bridesmaid to my future sister-in-law Frances Burton, who was married from her brother William Meredith's house, which is now the ST. MARGARETS HOME in Sherbrooke Street. The wedding of Frances Burton and Augustus Heward was a pleasant event.

Though the next few letters seem to be devoted almost entirely to family matters, they illustrate most vividly the difficulties and dangers of travel of seventy years ago. It was not until the fifties that the railway from Toronto to Montreal was in operation and the idea of driving in open sleighs many miles a day with the very indifferent accommodation provided by the hotels of the period makes one wonder at the constant coming and going indulged in by the people that we see flit over the canvas of this panoramic view of Upper Canada in the forties.

My darling Fanny,

November 21, 1848.

I only received your letters the day before yesterday and had been very uneasy at not hearing from you. We are delighted to hear that you are well, and have enjoyed yourself. I am sure the Merediths are very kind, and I have no objection to your remaining as long as you wish in Montreal.

Dr. Gwynne is not certain about going down but your Pappa will go for you whenever you would like to return. Nothing could be more stupid than Toronto, all the people seem to be disinclined to be sociable and I cannot remember a single event having occurred since you went, unless the birth of a daughter at Mrs. Webster's. She is quite enchanted with it, and Sarah is in ecstasies, at having a baby to nurse.

I sent you a dress and a dressing gown by Mr. Price which I hope you received, and I hope to forward to-day a silk and also a merino dress to be directed to Grant Powell whom you will pay any trifle it may have cost him. I thought it better than sending to the Merediths and Lizzie Powell can advise you about their being made up at once. Get yourself anything you wish as I will send you more money. I enclose in the same parcel three skins for lining something nice for you to wear in going out at night or driving. They are good and do not come off. Get yourself a white tarlton lutestring and have it fashionable made if you go out much, as it is such an elegant dress—also any ornaments you like, always write me what you wear and how you look and all about your dancing, etc., it

is such a pleasure to me to hear of your doings—Do not omit mentioning anything you want.

Your loving Mother,

M. JARVIS.

Toronto, December 20, 1848

My dear child,

Your letter has been received, and skimmed over by me, and your Mama after having read it has put it away so carefully that now she cannot find it. I have sent you a telegraph and by it you will find that I have directed you to hold yourself in readiness to leave Montreal with Uncle George, so soon as he can call for you, and I have written him to that effect. The present appearances are such as to make a journey all the way to Montreal anything but pleasant, and I therefore will endeavour to get him to accompany you to the Ottawa and Cornwall, and perhaps to Brockville where I will meet you, on a certain day by telegraph.

We are getting quite anxious for your return, and feel that the dissipation of Montreal will turn your head. Toronto glories in (undecipherable) and there is to be a garrison ball on the 3rd to which we are all invited and had you been at home should no doubt go—but the distance is too great for quiet people like Mama and Papa. (letter left unfinished by the Sheriff, and finished by Mary Jarvis).

Many happy returns of the season, dearest.

January 1st, 1849.

My darling Fanny,

Your Papa had written thus far and I do not know what induced him to finish so abruptly, however, I have decided to finish his letter for him. We are all very well after the fright we had at the burning of the barn on Saturday last, I do not know how it took fire, it was all consumed in ten minutes. The peach house is destroyed and the house was near going; now that it is over I am not sorry about the stabling, but at the time I was so frightened about the house and gave so many directions to the people in a screaming voice that it brought on an attack of asthma which though not important confined me to the house ever since.

* * * * *

I trust that you will be well wrapped up for travelling, have your feet very warmly shod and a handkerchief to put over your mouth to avoid inflammation of the lungs.

* * * * *

They are all well at Grandmama's, the poor old lady is gradually failing. She is very anxious to see you back again. Mrs. John Murray in England is dead. I have very few visitors to-day, but expect more to-morrow.

Remember me kindly to all, dearest Fanny,

Your loving Mother,

M. JARVIS.

If you wish to stay longer telegraph at once that Uncle George may know.

The severe winter weather now made travelling not only difficult but dangerous and Fanny's return was again delayed.

Toronto, 22nd January, 1849

My dear Child,

I have delayed writing from day to day in the hope of being able to say something positive respecting your movements. Your Mother appears to dread so much your taking a winter journey, unless I am with you to look sharply after your comfort, that I have not been able to ORDER you positively proceed with Uncle George when he arrives at Montreal. I would not allow you to come with anyone but myself in a public conveyance for fear that your health might suffer from the cold, and between this and Kingston the roads are dangerous from want of snow. If therefore you leave with him it must be in his conveyance and under his special charge as far as Cornwall, and there let me know in order that I may meet you as soon as I can get away, which at present I cannot, and this term commences on the 15th of February and I shall then be tied to the Court for a fortnight.

Sherwood promised to telegraph me, and inform me how he got through by way of the States, and as Mrs. William Robinson went that way you could ascertain from her whether or not she found it comfortable. I however have not heard from Sherwood, though I expected to have heard on Saturday.

Your Uncle set off from Cornwall on Monday, bent for the Ottawa, but was obliged to return on account

of the badness of the roads. I know not therefore whether he has again left Cornwall.

Make my respects to Mr. and Mrs. Meredith and say that I am in great distress at the INFLICTION which has been perpetrated against them, which I fear nothing but snow can remove.

God bless you my darling,

ever yours, W. B. JARVIS.

Telegraph me 10 words to be paid for here.

The shadow of an acute illness was hovering over Mary and the Sheriff was anxious beyond words on her account.

Arrangements having been finally completed, Fanny commenced her return to Toronto in the care of the George Hamilton's connections.

My return home to Toronto in the Spring is a thing never to be forgotten. There was, I think I have already mentioned, no railway from Montreal to Toronto. I could not wait for the navigation to open as my dear Mother was ill. The only way was to go the first part of the journey by sleigh, further on in country wagons. George Hamilton, brother of the Archbishop of Ottawa, and my cousin, his wife, drove me from Montreal to Cornwall where I remained a day at the house of my Uncle, Judge Jarvis. He then drove me to Brockville and we had to remain the night at some village to rest ourselves . . . I remember that after I had said good-night to my Uncle and found there was no lock on the

door of my bedroom, I never felt so frightened in my life, not even during the Revolution in Paris

At Brockville, the Sheriff was waiting and the remainder of the journey was made in country wagons.

After her return from Montreal Fanny entered into the social life of Toronto with great zest and enjoyment. The seat of Government was then in Toronto, Lord Elgin was Governor-General. He and Lady Elgin were most pleasant people and so was Colonel Bruce, Lord Elgin's brother, and Mrs. Bruce.

My sister Louisa came home from Miss MacTurk's school in London and the same summer we had constant riding parties and picnics. The Toronto Island, and the Humber were favourite places. It must have been in 1849 that the Government was moved to Toronto with Lord Elgin and his pleasant attaches. Lady Elgin and the little Lord Bruce were subjects of great interest. Captain Cotton and Captain Grant were the Aides-de-Camp that I remember. Captain Grant I think always wore his kilts and he was very AU FAIT at dancing the Highland Fling. One evening at a Ball or party at Government House, I told Lord Elgin that my sister could dance the Highland Fling. We tried to persuade her to join Captain Grant but she was too shy to do so.

. In 1850 I spent a month at Hawkesbury with my cousins George Hamilton and Julia. At Hawkesbury I had such delightful driving and a never-to-be-forgotten adventure. Bark canoes paddled by Indians through five miles of rapids

When my visit was over I came to Bytown. I drove in the old-fashioned yellow stage coach for several miles across the country to catch the steamer for Bytown. Oh, the joy at arriving at my journey's end and seeing Edward Sherwood, Percy's father, waiting for me on the wharf. What a delightful time I had in the pretty village.

In June 1851, Fanny Kemble came to Toronto, an event largely arranged by E.A.M. . . . She was to give one of her famous Shakesperian readings. The weather was frightfully hot and her trunk had not arrived. She was in despair as her travelling dress was a simple calico, not too clean. There was a good deal of amusement caused by a lady in Toronto offering to lend her a BLACK VELVET dress for the evening. Fortunately the trunk made its appearance in time to dress for the reading.

CHAPTER XX

WEDDING BELLS

IN 1842 there arrived in Toronto a young barrister, Mr. Edmund Allen Meredith. Mr. Meredith, then a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, had been called to the Irish Bar but decided to follow his two elder brothers, who had come some years previously to Canada.

There was at first some question as to whether or not he would accept a Professorship at Toronto University, and some correspondence with Dr. McCaul ensued but he was persuaded by his brother William to stay, for a time at least, in Montreal. Mr. Meredith's ability rapidly singled him out. He was called first to the Bar of Upper Canada and then to that of Lower Canada. In July 1846 he was appointed Principal of McGill University. He devoted himself whole-heartedly to the cause of the Institution.

In 1847 Mr. Meredith accepted the post of Assistant Provincial Secretary; he remained Principal of McGill until 1849 when the Government having removed to Quebec he was obliged to leave Montreal. Mr. Meredith afterwards became Under Secretary of State for Canada and remained in the Civil Service till 1878 when he went to live in Toronto.

During his first brief stay in Toronto he entered at once into a life that was friendly and gay. In his

diaries kept for many years, are mentioned all the familiar names comprised in the small circle of Toronto Society.

The year 1851 saw the first flight from the Rose-dale nest when Fanny was married to Mr. E. A. Meredith in little old *St. Paul's Church* on Bloor Street. It was a beautiful day and a large gathering of friends assembled. Mr. Meredith writes *on THE DAY the sun shone in unclouded majesty and during the whole day we had the most delightful breeze. The wedding breakfast went off admirably. Old Josh, Anne McGee, and my friend and supporter Mr. Hilton, were all GREAT, on the occasion.*

Josh as he stood inside the church gate, with a whole table cloth around his neck as a tie, looking as though he felt that he was the important person on the occasion, was a study for a sculptor, Ann McGee when I reached Rosedale, seized me by the hand and in a affecting manner wished me, MANY HAPPY NEW YEARS.

Josh being formally introduced to me by Fanny joined our hands with much gravity and delivered himself of an oration in which he likened the bride to a bright dollar, and hoped that she might shine bright forever.

Ann McGee was a favoured old retainer who had been with Mary Jarvis since before the birth of her first child.

Old Josh was a runaway slave who appeared at Rosedale and whom the Sheriff was too kind to turn away and he consequently lodged in a small cottage on the grounds, where he remained till his death. He

is supposed to have been one hundred and ten at that time.

The wedding over, the bride and groom left on the *City of Toronto*, a boat so well known to Torontonians as to be considered well nigh in the light of a family friend, for that natural playground of married couples, Niagara Falls. The renowned table rock, once an important feature in the sights of Niagara, had but lately fallen and in their opinion its absence was an improvement to the grandeur of the scene.

Robed in Gutta Percha garments they took the trip in the *Maid of the Mist* and then, dismayed by the arrival of an enormous party of tourists, they fled to see other Falls and other Lakes. They journeyed by Lake George and Lake Champlain, saw the Falls at Trenton (thought by Mr. Meredith to be more beautiful than those of Niagara), drove in a stage coach through the Catskill Mountains, pausing to see the abode of the Great Sleeper and then rested for a time with friends in Philadelphia, companions of Mr. Meredith's first voyage from England in a sailing vessel which took six weeks to cover the distance.

On their trip they continually encountered traces of Jenny Lind, such as her luggage, a huge *elephant trunk* on station platforms playfully described by the porter as *Jenny Lind's body guard*, or heard of her departure from hotels at which they had just arrived but missed her concerts at every point and it was not until the spring of the following year when

Jenny Lind came herself to Quebec that they had the delight of hearing her.

Toronto, October 29th, 1851

My darling sweetest Fanny,

* * * * *

I have been almost constantly suffering from nervous agitation to such an extent that whenever I have attempted to write, the palpitation of my heart threw me into a trembling not only preventing me from using my pen with comfort, but from thinking of getting through a letter.

I have been aware for some weeks of the approach of one of my attacks, and have tried everything to ward it off, and was most anxious to get away from this climate but it came at last on Friday after Jenny Lind's last concert and, strange to say, now that the worst is over, I find myself better than I have felt ever since you left.

I have been most troubled about the furniture. Those wretched people have disappointed your Papa continually, he has tried in vain to get things off and we did not send Madelaine because the furniture was not forwarded; but we are promised positively that everything is to go on Friday, and Madelaine will go at the same time and make old Tiny comfortable. It is too bad that there should have been such a delay but JACQUES AND HAY have always declared they could not send before.

There is to be an auction on Saturday of Sir Hugh Dalrymple's horses and carriages, and we are to send

Betsy who is in excellent condition, hoping to get a good price for her. We have tried and so has Robert Wells to get her sold, but it is very hard to find purchasers just now. Louisa went up last evening to be with Mary until her marriage, which is to take place to-morrow morning. Louy brought her two beautiful Cobourg dresses and I am to send by William to-day your sweet little likeness in a locket as she wished it in that form. That she may wear it about her neck. Poor dear Mary, her prospects are very humble, but I trust that she will be very happy, she is very attached to Henry, and their cottage, though very small, is neat and very suitable and for your sake if not for her own she shall never want a friend so long as I live and so feels Louisa.

We are now in treat for a house in Bay Street, which is of moderate size and has the advantages of water and gas.

All your friends make enquiries about you and none more than good little Dr. Bovell, he thinks the climate will agree well with you. Emily Jarvis has been at Guelph for some weeks, she has been very ill. Kate is gone to spend a winter with Mrs. Van Ransaelier in Albany. C—— is making herself very conspicuous by being always in King Street and never without Mr. Le Grave, either in a carriage or on horse-back. It is supposed that they are engaged. I shall be sorry for him if it is true and with all his eccentricities he has a heart and is quite mistaken in his opinion of C—— who is scarcely capable of feeling steady regard for any person and certainly has none for him. We have not seen Bob Wells for some days. He has been

out deer hunting, I fear rather imprudently. He has heard lately from Fred who expects leave to spend the winter in the south of France. Bob says he will go there in the spring and remain there several years.

Louisa, I know, told you of Jenny Lind's visit to Toronto. It was in coming from the concert that I took cold the other night. I am indeed grieved that you have missed seeing her. She is in my opinion quite an angelic creature. Her voice is exquisite. Every note clear, sweet and flutelike. Her Echo and Bird-songs are too fascinating. They are almost supernaturally sweet in some parts. She is not handsome, but the unaffected simplicity of her manner and the truthful expression of her countenance render her very attractive, and one cannot help respecting and even loving the lowly Swedish maiden, who unshaken in her high resolves by the temptations of the world has devoted unceasingly her splendid talent to the best and noblest purposes, and having raised her parents to comfort and affluence has, it is said, given nearly a million of money to the establishment of free schools through her native land so that the poorest fisherman's child may obtain an education in Sweden. She has said that she never believed that her voice was given her to attain fame and wealth for herself alone, but to benefit in some way her fellow creatures, and the admired songstress has piously acted up to such a declaration. Her charities, and her pure piety will be long remembered after the sweet voice has ceased to be heard on earth. We hear that it is likely she may return to Canada, in the spring, and if so she will visit Quebec and

Montreal. She is strangely attached to the Falls of Niagara, perhaps they remind her of her own country.

Ever yours most affectionately,

M. JARVIS.

The Sheriff takes up his correspondence again with his daughter after her marriage with Edmund Meredith. The Government was then in Quebec and as Mr. Meredith was at that time Provincial Secretary it was necessary that he should be there.

Toronto, 16th November, 1851

My darling Child,

Your long and most acceptable letter should not have remained so long unanswered had I not been very much engaged in making arrangements for moving into town, and in moving, and as I saw long letters in progress from your Mother and sister, I thought I would put off until a later day and after we had got settled in town. We came on Monday the 13th, and Friday and yesterday were as disagreeable days as far as rain, nailing carpets and putting up curtains could very well make them. We are very comfortable. Your Mother and the girls like the house very much and we have only had one fire on this street since we came in. We are very comfortable—it is only about forty feet from the head of Sarah's bed to the head of JULIET'S (Fanny's horse) and the pony is rather nearer to Louisa—in fact she can quite overlook the whole of our possessions while she is reclining in her dormitory.

Young George (Jarvis Jr., son of Judge Jarvis of Cornwall) is to have a room in the third storey, and the girls quite like him. He seems a good boy and has made himself quite conspicuous FOR A JARVIS by getting a scholarship in the University. There was a ball at the Barracks upon the happy deliverance from Sir Hugh, and Louisa and George were of the party. I took advantage of my hoarseness, and Mrs. C chaperoned Louisa. It was, they say very pleasant.

You must put the whole blame upon me for not permitting them to send Tiny—but he is really so ill and disagreeable that I could not think of having you made uncomfortable by his dreadful coughing. I do not think they could have been with him in the cabin of the vessel and he would have died if exposed to the cold. Should he live till Spring I will bring him down when I pay you a visit. I paid Madelaine's passage to Montreal and also gave her money to pay to Quebec; in the hurry I forgot to pay her by your Mother's wishes for the month during which she was with us. I hope you got the things all safe. Apples, preserves, and pictures, etc.

I have plenty of business to attend to as I find that I am by law the returning officer for the City and also for two of the ridings of the County. The elections will come off immediately, and then we shall know who are to be our masters.

I am very well myself with the exception of my voice which is still very RAVENOUS as well as my appetite.

We have not heard from Bill for a week. The last dates 2nd November. He was very well and was looking forward to spending a week at Christmas with us.

I remain, my dear child,

Your affectionate Father,

W. B. JARVIS.

Mrs. Meredith.

CHAPTER XXI

"TRINITY COLLEGE"

ARCHBISHOP STRACHAN, though worsted in many a hard-fought battle for temporal power, estranged in private life from many of his old supporters, to whom his squabbles over the administration of the Clergy reserve funds had not appealed, had still one great objective—he desired to see the erection of an Anglican University in Toronto.

For a city with such a large and rapidly enlarging population, Toronto had but indifferent advantages to offer to the young Anglican aspiring to a higher classical or scientific education and one attempt after another to found such an Institution had failed. With the transference of the funds of the Clergy Reserves, for the impartial use and improvement of all the people of the Province, there was no money available for this special purpose.

Archbishop Strachan, though an elderly man, travelled to England, interviewed personages, harangued meetings, and at last succeeded in obtaining both the requisite authority, and a large donation. Coming back to Canada he put the whole force of his energetic dominating personality into the work, and finally in 1851 succeeded in securing a sufficient

endowment to ensure the proper maintenance of a University.

Plans were then prepared and after due deliberation accepted, and with great pomp and religious ceremonial the first sod of *Trinity College* was turned.

People flocked from great distances to witness this ceremony which took place on Wednesday, April 30th, 1851.

The family from Rosedale were present, and an eyewitness reports that when the dignitaries, both secular and religious, had gathered around the spot which was carefully marked off *The Bishop then took the spade from the Architect and having filled it with soil said WE BEGIN THIS WORK IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST. He then threw it into the barrow which was soon heaped over by the Council, each throwing into it one or more spadeful; the High Sheriff of the County volunteering to be his Lordship's barrow's man, wheeled it to the place of deposit.*

The work upon the College must have proceeded at a rapid rate when within eleven months the building was finished to such a state of completion as to be able to open its class-rooms to students.

The Inaugural Ceremonies began—At eleven-o'clock a.m. on Thursday, the 15th of January 1852, Morning service was celebrated in the temporary Chapel of the College which was filled with those who were to take part in the proceedings of the day; the friends and benefactors of the Institution, and as many as could obtain access.

Enormous crowds gathered, to witness the afternoon ceremonies, in the open air, in front of the College, and to listen to the speeches. Mary Jarvis was with other ladies upon a platform especially reserved for them and later writes to Fanny in Quebec

January 10th, 1852

My dearest Fanny,

To-day I feel perfectly well, tho yesterday I was very poorly owing to the day being intensely cold and our suffering a little from it, while at Trinity College, where we went to the Inauguration.

It was really an interesting event. There were several of our friends there, who seemed almost overcome having set their hearts on the success of the Institution. Among them the most interested I believe, was Dr. Brock, Captain Lefoy and Mr. Harmon. The Bishop I think almost cried with joy. We have made acquaintance with the two married Professors, Mr. Whittaker and Mr. Parry. Mr. Irving is very like Mr. Hagerty, and is very much liked.

* * * * *

Your loving Mother,

M.J.

The condition of Mary's health made a change of climate advisable, and a trip to Richmond, Virginia, was contemplated, and finally accomplished.

Sunday, 21st March, 1852

My dear Fanny,

I find that after all that no letter was written by your Mother yesterday, and she has such an aversion to writing on Sunday that I do that which I had not intended doing until I gave you the history of our proposed journey—what with the weather and the pressure of business I am not quite ready, and your Mother is not well enough yet to undertake a journey though she is most anxious to do so. She has been suffering from influenza and has been confined to her room for several days, quite ill with it, and had also had a good deal of palpitation and some attacks of asthma, none however equal to what she had last winter and we hope that as February has passed that she would escape entirely; in this, however, we have been disappointed.

However, she is now convalescent and to judge from the peals of laughter which I hear overhead I should judge at present no great suffering.

Mrs. Gwynne has been staying a day or two with us and the merriment seems to increase. We received Louisa's letter yesterday giving us the amusing account of your picnic. I must say that the sliding down hill beats COCKFIGHTING. Your Mother as usual is in great alarm about your health and blames Louisa much for inducing you to go to the said picnic. As she imagines from her letter that you have in consequence been again made ill and have been thrown back. I trust that this is not the case, and that our next letters will inform us that all is right.

It is our intention to go to New York, stay a day or two, travel to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, stay a day or two and then to Richmond—CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINIA SHORE your Mother sings. If not warm enough we may go farther. Of this you will be fully informed. Upon getting a telegraph of our leaving then you may immediately write to New York directed to (undecipherable)—— House where I intend to locate myself while in that City. Your Mother has just come down stairs and finding me writing has gone back saying that she has NO AVERSION to write on Sunday, but that as I am writing she will not, till to-morrow or next day.

We have had some days of excessive cold weather, snow and rain have alternately fallen and altogether it has been most disagreeable. There is much sickness in Toronto, confined principally, however, to colds and influenza, with the exception of Mary Stewart's case which I believe was typhus fever, badly managed which resulted in her being carried off after a few days' illness.

Young Loring is about as ill as he can be with consumption and old Mrs. Heward is also in a very bad state.

Mrs. John Robinson (under the name of Madame Miro——) has made her debut at Buffalo in a concert, at fifty cents a head assisted by other artists, one a youngster named Squires. It is said that the affair was very successful but the Lady and her husband have returned to Toronto.

Captain and Mrs. R—— have arrived but we have not called upon them in consequence of your

Mother's illness. V——— Powell has returned from the States. A house was burned last night and Dr. Lett got tipsy at a supper on St. Patrick's night. THIS is all the news of Toronto.

In all your letters you give intimation that you have not forgotten old Tiny. I assure you that he is as fat and disagreeable as possible, and that there is every appearance now that he and old Charley will see another winter. Now if you positively insist that Tiny shall go to Parliament next summer you should at least get him a seat in the Legislative Council as his age and experience entitles him to be classed with the nobles of the land.

If you also desire it Charley shall accompany him.

Juliette is in high health and spirits. Sarah rode out with Wm. yesterday notwithstanding the cold.

And now, my darling Fanny, and your dear little Louisa, take care of yourselves and don't go running risks in sliding down hills in this horrid cold weather. Wait till the weather gets warm and you will not then have any desire to do so.

I see that there is some idea that your Members for Toronto are not duly qualified to get in the House. I hope they will order me down at the public expense during the sitting of the Legislature, I should much like to be there during the sitting of the house, if not too late, but I cannot think of waiting till after June to see you either here or there.

And now, my darlings, good-bye, be good children and remember me to Mr. Meredith—with love from all,

I am, your affectionate Father,

W. B. JARVIS.

The long proposed trip to the South was finally accomplished and the Sheriff and Mary spent some weeks at Richmond, Virginia, both being benefitted by the change.

New York, April 9th, (1852)

My darling Fanny,

My last letter was written when I was in such wretched spirits that I am afraid that you had little satisfaction in reading it.

* * * * *

We have had very bad weather part of the time and were delayed a week longer in Toronto than we intended, so that instead of leaving on Monday we were detained until Saturday which enabled us to spend Sunday at Geneva where the Paytons and the Gallaghers were delighted to see us. Your Pappa has lots of letters from them to their friends in Virginia which will make it very pleasant for him as General Payton resides at Richmond where we propose staying.

We reached Albany on Monday night and were storm-stayed there. On Tuesday it was quite a severe winter's snow storm; however, we took our passage in the evening boat but when I went into the stateroom

and found it very cold and damp and the night too dark and tempestuous I was almost ill with agitation and your Pappa decided that we would not go, particularly as the boat was likely to be aground two or three hours, so we rushed on shore again and in ten minutes were snug in the Delaware House. The next morning Mr. John Small and Mr. Perkins arrived and persuaded us to go by the Hudson River Railway with which your Pappa was quite delighted. It is really the most beautiful trip imaginable as the road follows the windings of the prettiest parts of the river, keeping much of the fine highland scenery in view. It must be enchanting on a fine summer's day with fresh breezes from the water and no dust.

We left Albany at seven o'clock and reached New York at eleven, just a few minutes too late for Mr. Small to embark in the Europe for England so that, poor fellow, he will be detained here another week. He is staying at the Irving and he and Perky make the time pass much more pleasantly for your Pappa who is already looking very much better though the hoarseness is not yet affected by the change.

We have just received your letter which was a great comfort to us as I began to feel sad at being away from all my children as from my health (I am shut up all day in my little dull room), but when we reach a more genial clime I intend to get out as much as possible.

Nothing is much interesting to me in New York—the dull rumbling of the omnibus train is the most striking feature of the Broadway life just now.

I have not yet seen the Masons or Murrays. We are proposing going on to-morrow if the weather is fine and staying a day in Philadelphia. I have heard by telegraph that they are all well in Toronto and still I feel very anxious for many reasons about the children. Aunt is truly kind and I am sure will do all in her power for them.

I trust that the Spring will restore your strength and that when you get your own little Juliette you will take more drives about the country which is very pretty in the spring. Willie has quite set his heart about taking both Juliette and the pony and in order to remind you of our drives at home Pappa is going to have the carriage neatly fitted up and sent to you as I am most anxious that you should have it and I only wish it may be useful to you. I have a beautiful cab and now that I never could expect to have any person to drive me I shall much prefer having a servant to drive.

I am going over this evening to see the Shafers. Their daughter is engaged to a young Clergyman who has lately been left an immense fortune.

And now, sweet little Fanny, I will close my stupid scrawl; tell dearest little pet Louey that I will write from Philadelphia or Washington. God bless you, my kind and good darlings, and with our united love to Edmund, ever your loving,

M. JARVIS.

We will make a point of seeing Miss Gilpin.

Richmond, April 19th, 1852

My dearest Fanny,

I received your letter dated the 9th of April on the 16th and find by it that you have not heard from us since we left Toronto.

We are almost sorry now that we did not decide to go farther south as we hear such enchanting accounts from thence—a lady who was only three days en route from Alabama says she left her home there a perfect paradise of roses and jessamines, that the fragrance of the violets was perfectly delightful and she could hardly tear herself away. The strawberries had been ripe sometime and the raspberries were coming in. I should like your pappa to have gone there as he would have been delighted but he was afraid of the expense. However, we shall know better next time and by the fall railways will be completed through the Southern States.

I thought everything very forward here but now I feel almost at the North Pole again since these superb accounts—still we have every reason to be satisfied and I have obtained much useful information as to climate, manners and customs, etc., and in fact am now thoroughly acquainted with the Southern States owing to the civil communicative disposition of the people here.

* * * * *

I feel that this letter has no other recommendation than that it serves to let you know how we are but as it is I will send it and will write you again soon.

Your commissions shall be faithfully executed, it will be quite a pleasure to look for the things you write for.

With our united love to all, ever

My darling Fanny and Louey,

Your loving mother

M. JARVIS.

Jenny Lind was that year on tour both in the States and in Canada and we, who can never hear her clear and tuneful voice, can at least see and hear her through the descriptions of others.

Toronto, May 28th, 1852.

I am afraid, my dearest Fanny, that you will be disappointed at not finding letters at Quebec on your arrival, for I have been so occupied in going up and down Yonge Street in daily visits to Rosedale where I have still an immense deal to arrange before we can move, that I have felt too much fatigued to write—your pappa has also had a great deal of toil or he would have written.

I well know that you both would be charmed with dear little Jenny Lind, to me there seemed something supernaturally sweet in her voice. I am sorry that you did not like Astor House. Why did you not go to the Irving?—I hope that we shall move out on Monday to Rosedale—Spring is looking lovely there and my strawberry hill is in the perfection of bloom. Next week we commence the planting of evergreens on the

BLOCK HOUSE HILL. *I have ordered red cedars, spruce, hemlock and fir in abundance, what think you of my promptitude? By July there will be quite a forest screen between us and Yonge Street. Catherine Hayes is in Toronto, Sarah has been to hear her and we are going to hear her to-night—we have not succeeded in getting a good servant yet and I fear it is almost impossible, there are so few who are sober and Mr. Brock said that the man who referred to him was turned away eight years ago for drunkenness.*

With best love

* * * * *

your loving Mother

M. JARVIS.

When with the marriage of their elder daughter, Mary and the Sheriff saw their horizon of interest expanding; when in the natural course of events they should have looked forward to enlarging them still farther, fate struck a blow that changed and darkened the lives of the entire family. Mary died suddenly, and with her death Rosedale ceased forever to be a home. The heart and hearth of Rosedale grew cold, silent and still.

In a letter, the most touching and tender that any man could have penned, vibrant with sincerity, untouched by sanctimony and dignified in its deep sorrow the Sheriff writes to the two daughters who were in Quebec to tell the sad news of their mother's sudden collapse and death.

The letter is too intimate to be published, but it conveys much. Deep unselfishness, thoughtfulness for others, and appreciation of the share that the partner of his life had contributed to the success and happiness that they had enjoyed for so many years.

CHAPTER XXII

ANNIVERSARIES

ON the first anniversary of his eldest's daughter's marriage the Sheriff writes a short letter of congratulation.

Toronto, 17th July, 1852.

My dear Sir,

This day twelve months we were all rendered happy by the union of my darling Fanny with you—God grant that during the next year we may not have to deplore the loss of friends, but that each succeeding year may find you in health and happiness.

I propose leaving this Wednesday or Monday and remaining one day with Wm., be with you on Sunday morning. Nordheimer seems to be acting most correctly with regard to the piano which Mrs. G. and Louisa think an excellent one. He intends forwarding it immediately and to take a special care that it meets with no injury.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

W. B. JARVIS.

E. A. MEREDITH.

For some time Mr. Meredith had been planning to take his young wife to Ireland, and afterwards to the Continent and in 1853 the hope became a

reality and they begged that the Sheriff should accompany them.

Toronto, 22nd January, 1853

My dear Fanny,

I have been so much engaged in Court during the week since I received your letter that I have not had time to answer it and scarcely to think of the proposition with that attention that it deserves I telegraphed you that I fully approved of your plan and that I would endeavour to be of your party and it would be a great gratification if I could so arrange it to accompany you, but when I think of it seriously I almost fear that at this period of the year when you would be going it would almost be impossible for me to get away. There would be a good deal to have done at Rosedale in the Spring preparatory to letting the house and the idea of leaving the girls even for three months I cannot scarcely make up my mind to. Still I will not say no, but will keep the idea in view and if possible will accompany you.

I am sure that it would benefit you and if I do not go I will at least assist you in going and I think I may promise you £100 towards your travelling expenses. My office this year has been exceedingly profitable and has enabled me to pay off many heavy and pressing liabilities, and should the next year be as good as the last I will, if I have health, be rendered much more at my ease in financing matters. I am, I may say, quite well so that I will have no excuse on the plea of ill health, still I do not think that there would be any difficulty in obtaining leave of absence. I fully intend visiting

England if I live but the time when I shall be able to accomplish the object is uncertain.

* * * * *

The weather is as mild as March, great-coats uncomfortable. Fur caps not to be worn. The ice on the bay is as smooth as glass, and the iceboats and people are gliding about in great numbers.

I shall send down your deed for the lot which Miss Powell has given for the land in Front Street in lieu of your relinquishment to Sarah and Louisa of your interest in the other lots, so that you each will have one. Henry Bolton offered yesterday £12.10s. per foot for the whole plot in front of the old rookery but he also agreed with me that it would in a year or less bring £20 per foot. So that your twenty-six feet, would be worth at least £500. The railroad terminus of the Guelph line will be at the foot of York Street on the Esplanade which is to be built and the northern terminus in front of Mrs. Justice Jones' house so that the whole of the front along Front Street will become most valuable. Give my love to Coly and say I will write him a long letter in a few days, at present I have not time. I sold five 55-ft. lots of land for taxes in the W. Div. and I am kept busy arranging with the purchasers.

God bless you, my child, may you be returned to health is the prayer of your affectionate Father.

W.B.J.

The Sheriff's official duties were often extremely arduous and entailed long and wearisome journeys over all kinds of roads and in all weathers.

Montreal, 1st April, 1853.

My dear Fanny,

I arrived here yesterday at five o'clock, completely done up having driven all night in an open sleigh and arriving at the railway station with only half an hour to spare. I went to bed at seven o'clock and never opened my eyes till eight this morning and now feel quite correct.

I have seen Mr. Keefer who has promised to place William UNDER CONTRACT upon the commencement of the surveys in the spring which he thinks will commence about the beginning of May (the surveys, not the Spring).

William has been waiting for me since Monday and has decided for some time to accompany me to Toronto and if all goes right will only return to the Canal to make his bow, collect his arrears and go to the railway work at once.

Tell Mr. Meredith to tell Rees, to come by the North Shore as we had neither good conveyances nor good food the other way.

I leave to-morrow morning for home, via Cog-na-waga and Platsburg. Ever yours.

W. B. JARVIS.



"Rosedale," 1854, from the lawn.

From a Water Color by Frederick Kingston.

Toronto, 1st January, 1854

My darling child,

On the first day of the New Year let me, with my best love, wish that you may have many, many HAPPY RETURNS

* * * * *

Singular as it may appear to us, yet it is nevertheless true, that we have had a fall of snow and have good sleighing at PRESENT, but how long it will continue it is difficult to say. The weather too is mild and with the exception of a few days we have had a most delightful Autumn and Fall.

* * * * *

In compliance with your request I have transmitted to MADAM GOGUEL, No. 19, Rue Jacob, Paris, according to your telegraphic instructions, a bill for £25.1s. which is a little over francs, and I assure you, my darling child, it gives me more pleasure in gratifying any wish that you express or which you at any future time may desire, now than before you were married.

It convinces me that although a new tie has been formed, the affection for me remains the same, and that you feel that you have the right to ask and receive as when you were subject to no other control than that of a parent. I am not one of those who thinks that because a daughter is married that should make any difference with a parent, and the pleasure that I feel, and that I trust shall always feel, in contributing to my children's comfort and happiness.

I thank God they have all deserved more than I can ever do for them.

* * * * *

They (the girls) with Stephen and his wife think of driving out to see Mary Skinner this afternoon and remain the night. The more that we see and know of Stephen's wife the better we like her. She is a very nice young woman and is very fond of the girls.

* * * * *

I had a letter from Arthur Maule and have made arrangements for his purchase upon the first vacancy. Robert too expects to get his step and Harry is looking forward to his appointment. I hope to assist both of them with a trifle in the course of the next year and also to add a mite toward my sister's low income.

Louisa no doubt has written you all about household matters. She is a little pink of a pet and I scarcely know which is the better (she or Sarah) in the arrangement of household affairs. True, we do not get breakfast before ten o'clock but what of that? the fuel is saved by not having the fires made too early

They insist, however, I get them a new piano, that I should get them a new carpet, and now that we have your pictures beautifully framed they think the drawing room very handsome.

* * * * *

The parrot, the birds, the deer and Leo, are all well. The

latter has not made the acquaintance of the Canadian rifles. With regards to Mr. Meredith, believe me, dear child, your affectionate Father,

W. B. JARVIS.

Rosedale had by this time become too cumbersome for the Sheriff. He did not wish to live there and it was too large to be conveniently let to a tenant. He proposed dividing it into two houses.

Toronto, 9th April, 1854

My darling child,

I received this morning a letter from Mr. Meredith in which amongst other things he mentions your delight in the arrangement which I have made respecting the retention of a portion of Rosedale—that is the house lawn and the portion of ground encircled by the road leading to what was the stables, and so round to the . . . fence and to a certain distance below the brow of the hill. this embraces 41 acres and has been reserved from the sale to Mr. Carruthers, and for the remainder he is to pay £12,500 in place of £15,000 for the whole, but in order to affect this I engaged to pay Mr. Carruthers £1000. out of my own means so that neither you nor the girls will be deprived of your full share of the property. I did this to gratify the desire which you have for the retention of a portion of the property, and it gives me great happiness to be able to gratify you in this as it always has been in every other wish that you or they ever desired. I intend to put the house in thorough repair, and erect a stable and coach house on

the north-east corner of the portion retained and put a substantial fence around it so that it will be protected from injury, and if a good tenant offers let it for two years. It is also my intention to enclose the Caer Howell property and if you all agree to the sub-division which I shall propose to you, to build on that portion which I intend for Coly and occupy it so long as I live, or at least, should I live so long until he arrives at the age of twenty-one years, when I shall surrender it up to him.

I do not think I shall make my appearance at Quebec until the meeting of Parliament when I intend to visit the seat of Government to press my plan for providing the Torontonians with a Park, which I have great hopes of being enabled to do, and which will be an ornament and a benefit to the City for which, if successful in accomplishing, I shall at least deserve their thanks.

In consequence to giving up my visit to New Brunswick—from which place George Jarvis and Dr. Gwynne have just returned—and from which deprivation they say I ought to be most thankful as they had a most unpleasant time of it—I propose joining Todd, in June in a visit to P.E. Island and New Brunswick—which if I carry into effect will take me from home say, five or six weeks. Now I do not know what your plans are other than that Sarah has been invited to pay you a visit—I do not wish to interfere with any arrangements made—but would not Louisa feel her absence much? How would this plan do, say? Both of the girls to go to Quebec, while I am away—and then during

the hot season and during the vacation of Coly you and they to run up here. Do not Judge and Mrs. Meredith intend visiting Upper Canada during the summer?

If so, I should like to be their host, while in Toronto, and we could all make a visit to the Falls—and I could accompany the Judge in any trip, he might desire to make through the Country by rail or otherwise, in which Mrs. Meredith might not be inclined to join.

I have not mentioned this scheme to the girls as perhaps it may not suit other arrangements.

Stephen has moved into his new residence and his very nice little (not so little either) wife, is quite delighted. She is a very nice person and a great favourite with us all. The PROUD-FEET have taken possession of Stephen's late residence and William has induced Henry Seymour to make Toronto his place of abode. This has not yet taken place, but they are to be down in May, and William thinks he can put him in a way of making a better livelihood than by farming.

Louisa informs me that you are lamenting the loss of the trees, etc., which beautify your present residence, and that the house to which you are about removing is UNADORNED. If otherwise convenient, you must bear the loss and supply the place of growing trees, by putting down EVERGREENS and replacing them occasionally as they get red.

The weather has again become mild, so that overcoats are not absolutely required—still the afternoons are chilly—lamb, salad and radishes are to be had in the market for a consideration, and Spring is certainly

on the advance. A beautiful storm of thunder and lightning last night.

By Mr. Meredith's letter I find that Robert Burton may not yet have sailed for Turkey—I wrote him a note by Captain Arnold, son of Mr. Arnold of Toronto—who left us a few days ago to visit the seat of war, as a How much I would like to spend next year in or near Constantinople.

I am about to recommend to the Government a plan for an efficient militia to be prepared for Mitchell when he invades Canada. There may be more TRUTH THAN POETRY in his plan.

You will find, my pet, when I write that my communication extends beyond ten words. Still I like the telegraph.

With best love in which all join.

I remain, your affectionate Father,

W. B. JARVIS

Mrs. E. A. MEREDITH.

The Sheriff found the matrimonial affairs of his two younger daughters very bewildering and is continually making plans and plotting quaint money-saving arrangements all tending to keep his family near him.

Toronto, October 13th, 1854.

My darling child,

Louisa does not leave till Monday, in consequence of the arrival of Mrs. William Robinson who thereby

prevents her husband from departing till that day. I have just received your letter of the ninth, and have only retained that portion of it which contains your suggestion as to the occupancy of Rosedale and the proposal that I should be one of the tenants. I had placed an advertisement offering it to be let but as it is not yet in a state fit for occupation, being under repairs, I have not placed it beyond my control. I quite agree with you that it is better for all new married parties to be by themselves and I would only in consequence of Sarah's extreme youth have consented to her marrying this early with the understanding that she was to remain for a time with Louisa and me. Thinking it possible that I might be absent this winter. This plan will be carried out as far as I am concerned, but what changes Louisa's engagement may make remain to be yet discovered and ascertained.

Louisa and Sarah would neither of them desire to live at Rosedale should the present prospects be carried out. Indeed persons having anything to do, and I trust that that will be the case, should always be near their business.

I think, too, that they should commence on a small scale and study economy. It has not been taught to them, they do not know how to attempt it while with me, and I cannot and will not while I have a dollar, refuse to gratify every wish that they may express. In new establishments and with new servants and new ideas it will be easier.

All these matters require forethought and when I begin to study them out I GET RATHER BEWILDERED.

MARY CARNWAMM, is here staying with Stephen, and the girls have got up a little party for her to-night.

God bless you, my child, with best love to Coly, I remain yours, affectionately,

W. B. JARVIS.

Toronto, 29th October, 1854

My dear Fanny,

Most assuredly you shall have Rosedale as a residence if you desire it. I imagined that so large a house and one so far from town would be an objection to your inhabitation but as my desire the remainder of my life is to devote myself to the comfort of you all surely whatever is in my power will not be refused. I had taken the notice from the paper the moment you expressed a desire respecting it.

I expect to leave on this Friday or Saturday and will probably be with you on Monday or Wednesday if all goes right. I should most likely have left on Monday but Mary Stephen wishes me to remain to her party, and Mrs. Widder will not consent to my declining with her on that day. She gives a party to Sarah who lunched with Frank Caley and dined at Gzowski's yesterday. Goes to a dinner at Schriebers on Monday, dines at Mr. Nashes on Wednesday, and Widders on Monday. So much for one week. Is Louisa aware that her old friend Fred ——— is married. Mrs. Broadfoot gave a soirée on the occasion.

* * * * *

it is my intention to give them £200 a year toward

their housekeeping and when S—— sets up for herself then the same amount I shall give them, and if there is anything left keep it for investment for the boys.

Aunt Bell has written to Aunt Betsy that they had received letters from Arthur Maule, both before and after the battle of Alma. He was very well and in high spirits, said that he had not felt half as nervous when under fire as he had expected to have done.

We have our Indian Summer weather, beautifully cloudy, so much so that the steamers can scarcely find their way into the harbor, but as mild during the day as midsummer—look out for squalls,—what will occur next.

In any of Robert Burton's letters has he made mention of Arthur? It is not likely that they could have missed each other being in the same division.

W. B. JARVIS.

MRS. E. A. MEREDITH.

CHAPTER XXIII

JOURNEYS NEAR AND FAR

AS one by one his children became engaged and married, the Sheriff found the complications of existence manifold. His letters convey again and again that the greatest desire of his life now lies in trying to add to their comfort and happiness. He divided Rosedale house for the convenience of his daughters, but the place had too many painful recollections for him to ever desire to live there.

In the Spring of 1854 his second daughter, Louisa, married Mr. Augustus Nanton.

His eldest daughter, Mrs. E. A. Meredith, came to Toronto for the occasion, a journey taken not without risk even at that date, when the railroad from Levis to Montreal and Toronto was a comparatively old story.

In May of next summer I went to Toronto to attend my sister Louisa's wedding on May 4th, 1855. We had Edmund to see us off comfortably by train, Colborne, my youngest brother, Madeline, my French maid (who was a native of Marseilles), the old Parrot and other pets, crossed the ice from Quebec to Point Levis. We went in a canoe drawn by a horse. The canoe in case the ice should break. We got over safely. I was very nervous about Edmund's return. I need not have been, nevertheless, when he went to his office the next morning there was not a sign of ice in the River.



Sheriff Jarvis and his daughters.

1854.

My sister Louisa and Augustus Nanton were married 4th May and when they returned from their honeymoon they shared dear old Rosedale house or rather half the house with me. Professor and Mrs. Kingston and their two children living in the other half. My dear brother Colborne went to school to Mr. Crombie.

Mr. Meredith remained in Quebec that summer coming with the change of Government to Toronto.

In the Autumn of 1855 the seat of Government was again in Toronto, Sir Edmund Head being Governor General. My husband and Sir Edmund Head had already formed a lasting friendship, and Lady Head was most kind and affectionate to me. There was not so much formality in those days. Lady Head paid me visits at Rosedale and we used to dine with them
A PARTIE-QUERI.

Toronto, 6th February, 1855.

My dear Child,

I received an answer to Mr. Meredith's telegraph on the 3rd, Saturday, and received his of yesterday respecting the occupation of Rosedale.

I could not answer that by telegraph, and therefore trusted to the more sure plan of writing.

Mr. Meredith inquires what were my plans for the summer—the summer is most delightful—they depend upon circumstances, as they may arise—it was my intention if I could have made the requisite arrangements to absent myself and proceed to the seat of War, next summer and I have not yet given up the hope of

accomplishing that object. But money, the want of which may prevent, is not to be had and the project may have to be abandoned.

* * * * *

I have had a good deal of repairs done at the house at Rosedale at a cost of nearly £150. and there are other expenses to be incurred in the Spring. The house is too large for one family unless a very large one, and cannot, as I think, be so arranged so as to accommodate two—you and Mr. Meredith have this house at your disposal to do as you think best.

Consult together, and whatever you may think best I will on my part, endeavour to carry out.

God Bless you,

and may we meet in May if not before.

Your affectionate Father,

W. B. JARVIS.

In 1856 the Sheriff left Toronto for England where his youngest son Colborne was at College. Owing to a sharp illness he was driven to leave the cold and damp of London and to seek the recuperative waters of Aix-la-Chapelle shortly after his arrival and remained there some time.

On board the North America,

Saturday, 31st May, 1856,

Lat. 52, Long. 38-30.

My dear Fanny,

Being about HALF SEAS OVER, I take the opportunity of giving you an account of our journeying up

to this time. We had a most magnificent ship, and everything as comfortable as could be wished for. I have a cabin entirely to myself, having practiced the OLD SOLDIER in taking possession, and when my companion came on board late at night and attempted to take possession he found the door locked, and a voice from inside recommending him strongly to get a vacant berth in some other cabin as I was very unwell and would be a dreadful nuisance to him.

He took me at my word, and I have not yet found out the person whom I had been so considerate for. It would appear, however, that both parties are satisfied.

We have had cold unpleasant weather with rain and have been confined almost entirely to the saloon which is very spacious but with the exception of one day have had continuously fine winds. Our sails not having been shifted since we had them set.

The vessel is so steady, and there is so little of the jarring motion from the machinery that one can scarcely believe that the vessel is propelled by steam—the number of passengers is not great, but they are not of the most élite class, and there is a horrid mass of ill-behaved children.

The only persons whom I found on board with whom I had before met, were Mr. John Young, and old Molson, the Father of PALE ALE AND BROWN STOUT, who is as very an old Put as I ever met with—I must not forget Mrs. Archibald, the widow of the Reverend Mr. Archibald, who says that she knew me and was at my House at Toronto, of which I have no recollection.

We did not attempt the passage of the Straits of Belle Isle, as we met with Icebergs soon after we left the River, and for one night and day, were in sight of them, some near, some distant.

We have seen more ice and what seems extraordinary have not for the last three days seen a single sail. I do not find the monotony as great as I expected, my long illness has habituated me to solitude and confinement and I read as steadily as I used to at home.

I have not been the least ill from the motion of the vessel, and the great desire which I expected that I would have that the voyage should be soon over does not exist. I feel that if two or three days extra would be to say the least of it be borne with patience.

I picture myself the misery which you must have suffered from the horrid LADY EGLINGTON what with the cold, the small cabins and the miserable accommodation, I do not wonder that your sufferings were great. I think that had I been with you I should have gone almost mad. The Captain and owners have asked Mr. Young and me to suggest such improvements as we may find from experience desirable, and we intend to give them wholesome advice for the comforts of future voyagers. Before I forget it I wish for Dr. Gwynne's address, as I have it not and I intend visiting him should I go to Ireland.

Thursday, 5th June, 1856.

We are now at 9 o'clock p.m., within a few miles of Liverpool, having taken a pilot on board, and are bounding along with the tide at a most rapid rate.

We had a grand dinner to-day to which we invited the Captain and other officers of the ship, and presented the Captain with a complimentary address. We have completed our voyage in eleven and a half days and had our coal been good, could have done it in ten days but it burnt out so fast that for fear of running short we had only three out of four boilers in use. We have had no gales or head winds. The sea as smooth as possible and the sails which we put up the first day that the wind was in our favour, now only taken down and securely clewed and shifted.

I shall, I think, go up to London by to-morrow's train and write to William either to come to me, or if he cannot get leave I will go to him. In the great metropolis I suppose I shall find myself very solitary and it will be some little time before I make up my mind as to my future movements.

I shall anxiously look forward for letters by every mail and hope that some one will at least not forget to give me a weekly despatch.

God Bless you all, my dear children—

I remain ever, your affectionate Father,

W. B. JARVIS.

Aix la Chapelle,

My darling child,

2 July (1856) ?

Before I forget it I wish my letters to be addressed to British Hotel, Cockspur Street, London, and they will be forwarded to me wherever I am.

* * * * *

Please inform His Excellency, the Deputy Governor, that I shall soon be sailing under the military title of Lt.-Col. Jarvis, as I am recommended to assume that title, when I come again and to have it put in the passport—I think I will add FATHER-IN-LAW, to the Lt.-Governor of Canada, who is cousin to the Governor of the Antipodes.†*

Love to all my darlings,

Your affectionate Father,

W.B.J.

MRS. MEREDITH.

————— *Hotel,*
Aix la Chapelle,
9 July, 1856.

My dear Sir,

I have just received your letter of the 23rd June

* * * * *

I am happy to inform you that I am progressing most satisfactorily and that a short time here will, I think, put me quite to rights. There is certainly quite a great apparent improvement, to say the least of it, and I have great hopes that it will be permanent. I fear that I shall not be able to get to Ireland in time to meet Dr. MacDonald before he goes to take his tour, but as I am now on the Continent I intend to take a

*His reference to "His Excellency" is a jocular allusion to his son-in-law, Mr. Meredith, who at the time was acting Deputy Governor.

†That of "Governor of the Antipodes" refers to Sir Richard MacDonnell his cousin, who had been just appointed Governor of Australia.

running journey, and afterwards a more circumspect one, as I am with a person who has been very attentive to me, and he is bound to go a certain route and I have promised to accompany him.

I do not expect to be in London much before the end of the month, and then most likely I shall go to Surrey to see my sister before I go to Ireland—in fact, until I see William Bolton, I have no decided plan.

Is it not delightful to do as you choose without having any plan?

God Bless you all,

Ever yours,

W. B. JARVIS.

E. A. MEREDITH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXIV

PALACES OF GLASS

THE Year 1858 saw the Sheriff back again in Toronto, taking an active part in the new public movement to hold an Exhibition in Toronto, the first of its kind.

On October 21st and 22nd the first Exhibition was held in Toronto in the Grounds attached to Government House. The corner stone of the new Crystal Palace of the Exhibition in its present position was laid on July 15th, 1858, and in the deed engrossed and deposited in the corner stone is recorded the fact that *William B. Jarvis, Esq., President of the Board of Manufacturers assisted at the ceremony.*

Restlessness, however, again attacked the Sheriff in 1859 and combining business and pleasure we find him once more in London.

London, May 3rd, 1859

My dear Fanny,

Were it not that my letter must be posted to-day to reach Liverpool for the steamer which is to sail to-morrow, I should delay until the 4th, to wish you many happy returns in which I beg to include Sarah and myself. I am happy to inform you that at this, nearly the 60th year of my life, I feel as well as I could possibly

desire, and that I think that the trip over the water, cold as it was, has been of great service to me. I wrote that I met William at Liverpool, or rather he came to see me there, and after two days rest I went to Bristol where I met Coly and took him to London with me. I cannot express to you my admiration for Coly, he is certainly an ELEGANT young man, and will be, I think, a very lady-killer. He is working ready for his examination, the 150 on the list being full before his name was received at the proper office, and he has been informed that due notice will be given of the day upon which he will be required to go up. Mr. Exby is desirous that he should get the full number of marks, and I trust that such may be the case—Coly does not appear very apprehensive, but he is anxious.

I did not remain but one night at the (undecipherable) as I was anxious to get Coly back to School, and wished to be with him as long as I could—I would like to domicile myself at Clifton, it is a beautiful place—but London has more attractions. Here I find people whom I have known either personally or by reputation. I am now writing at the same table with Mr. Ryland, who introduced himself to me and gave me the history of his claim upon the Government which he expects to get so far as £12,000. is concerned, and a pension of £500 a year. One of his sons and William were chums on the survey of the contemplated Cog-ne-wa-ga Canal and Mr. R. says that his boy was very fond of my boy. Mr. Ryland's brother-in-law, D. Daly, is to be Governor of St. Helena. I have an invitation to Windsor,

not from the Queen, but from old FitzGibbon, and intend going to him for a day soon.

I stumbled upon my old friend John Marks of Kingston, in the street. The old fellow has had an operation performed on his eyes and though he said he could not distinctly see me, he knew that it was a Canadian voice. I went to the Crystal Palace yesterday and was present at the great opening and was delighted with the music. No less than six military bands, the palace band, and the great organ. The thunder of the music was great and even I, who am not musical, was gratified at the total outlay of less than two dollars, including railway and refreshments.

Miss Burton would have enjoyed the music and one piece in particular which was composed years ago by Beethoven and dedicated (but not ever acknowledged by Geo. IV,) was performed for the first time in England to admiring thousands. The beauty of the country is as I have always heard of England in May. The trees in full bloom, the pastures and grain fields, as green as grass, and the dresses of the ladies, as different from Toronto as it is possible. The O, (hoop) is almost entirely ancient, and the entrée and exit from a railway CARRIAGE MOST EASY. Bonnets are still small and roses worn on the outside, generally three blush roses on each side. The cloaks fit the shape, but are not very sumptuous in their dimensions.

* * * * *

I shall write to Mr. Ord, and he will communicate the political news. There is no dependence upon the

telegram. *It is quite certain that no guns have yet been fired.*

God Bless you all,

W.B.J.

He found London too excited over the Derby, the opening of Parliament, and the launching of a new vessel to fuss about such a trifle as a War. There was one on the Continent they believed. But the squabble of the Sabbatarians who were trying to stop the playing of the bands in the public parks on Sunday was of much more immediate interest.

There were rumours of trouble with the United States, and the British Minister, Mr. Crampton had been ordered to leave Washington, but everyone was assured that there *was nothing to fuss about.*

Mr. Speaker Smith had arrived from Toronto, and was much pleased with his reception and hopeful for the success of his mission, and its incidental rewards.

London, 6th May, 1859.

My dear Children,

I have before acknowledged Fanny's and Louisa's letters and have now to thank Sarah for hers. I assure you all that though I am disappointed if I do not get a letter every mail from somebody yet I can readily excuse those who have so much to do if they do not write. I find the days slip by so fast that the days for writing come round and are almost gone before I commence my letter, and then I am in such a hurry that I get nervous—it is a source of great comfort to me to know that the

children are all well again. I notice what you say about the wedding of Carro Stuart, and well may Mrs. R. endeavour to make up to those poor girls the misery of which she has been the primary cause to their mother, and I am glad that you have all consented to go to the wedding—there is no reason why the husband of the poor girl should be under the idea that her relations will not associate with each other, and I think that you have done right. I hope, poor thing, that she has made a good match, and that his family will receive her kindly. If, after a sojourn, in England they can be satisfied with Roache's Point I shall be surprised indeed.

So much for the matrimonial affairs on your side of the water. Those on this side are like Miss Widders, indefinitely postponed. I do not know, but aunt Bell thinks, that time will cure the lady, and I do not think Bill will go into a consumption.

He is very anxious for me to go to Glasgow with him, and I shall do so so soon as I know what will be Coly's fate. The examination is so confoundedly severe that I am very anxious. I am told that Johnny (undecipherable) has been again thrown out.

The greatest trial that I have had was a day at the DERBY as it is called here, Mr. S. and I with four others, six in all, were obliged to give up our four-in-hand as the other six disappointed us, and we went in hansoms. Such a collection of people I never witnessed, as to numbers and outfit. All were well dressed for the occasion the men with nosegays or boquets in their buttonholes (I had one), most of them had VEILS

on their hats, but fortunately the rain of the day previous laid the dust and those articles were not necessary. Then fours in hand, the carriages with postillions, the pairs and singles. The description of carriages, from the hansom coach down to the donkey cart all jumbled up three rows as tight and as close as possible—then the jokes, the good-natured remarks, and the chaffing as a jam took place, which was about every five minutes, but everything was as different from what it would have been in America—either in Canada or the United States.

Everything was decent and proper.

The games of course were most amazing, amongst the number AUNT SALLY seemed to be a favourite. I also went to a launch and saw a fine frigate slide into the water as smooth as a bark canoe, and thousands of people on shore and in boats were witness of the affair. Fred Wells writes me that he shall not be in England before he goes to India, as he intends to go by the way of Marseilles. He desires me to say all kinds of things to you all and he fears that it will be a long time before he sees Canada again.

To the male part of the family I may say that with respect to war and politics they must consult the papers. The war was regularly commenced and the idea seems to be entered here that other nations will be involved. All Germany is on the alert to sustain Austria and unless the French and the Piedmontese get a good licking they will be up and at them. There is a report to-day that the Austrians have been defeated, and have lost an immense number in killed and wounded, and five

thousand prisoners. To-morrow will give us further intelligence in time to send out by the steamer of the 8th.

The Queen goes down to Parliament in person to-morrow and to-day the opposition determine as to their course which they intend to pursue. PUNCH says that 300 will not carry the Government through, but although the Opposition number 350, and can bring that number to turn out the Government, yet they cannot agree upon anyone to replace them. That is, to any set of men and the probability is that those who are in will hold on. The country is in a state of fermentation and the Rifle companies are being organized on paper in every part but I fancy that there will not be much actual drilling, unless Great Britain be actually at War. The idea of an invasion of this country with such a fleet as we have is, in my opinion, out of the question. There is plenty of room on the Continent to fight and THERE will be the tug-of-war.

Mr. Speaker Smith has arrived and is in a great state of excitement, as to his reception—I hope it will be O.K. I am informed that Governor Hinks has not been even received at the Colonial Office. I saw Lord Elgin yesterday near Hyde Park with an umbrella over his head walking through the mud and rain and apparently muttering to himself. I was in a carriage and was not seen by him.

Tuesday, 7th.

I have just returned from witnessing the procession at the opening of Parliament. I took up a position in the Park, and saw the carriages pass at a walking

pace, six carriages with six horses, and then the Queen in her carriage with eight horses—accompanied by Gentlemen at Arms, Beefeaters, police, footmen, life-guards, etc. There appeared to be only two ladies in the procession, one the Princess Alice was in the same carriage with the Queen and Prince Albert. The whole affair was the most gorgeous and was worth seeing.

Speaker Smith has got on famously. He has had an interview with Bulwer Lytton, and had a place assigned him in the Ambassador's Gallery in the Lords, CHEEK BY JOWL with the Persian Princes and other great men. He is now writing to Canada and will no doubt give a good account of the affair. So far everything has gone as well as he or we could desire. I have only to-day met and exchanged cards with Hincks, and intend calling on Mrs. H. as soon as I get time.

We are going the day after to-morrow to visit the Great Eastern and are invited to dine with Mr. Jackson afterwards, but where, I have not the least idea.

The weather is getting confoundedly warm and I suffered much from the heat, but am nevertheless perfectly well.

I send the Queen's speech and the latest news from the Continent. I hope Mrs. Robinson has got quite well again.

Remember me to all who care about me and believe me, my dear Chicks, ever your affectionate Father.

To all concerned.

W.B.J.

London, 13th June, 1859.

My dear Fanny,

As I am waiting COLBORNE'S arrival, which will be in the course of a couple of hours, I fill up the time by writing, and giving an account of myself, since I last wrote, which I think was after the opening of Parliament. Our Speaker was highly delighted with the reception, and hopes to have great honour paid him as the representative of Canada in presenting the invitation to Her Majesty. How the new state of things may operate, is yet to be determined as at present the old Ministry are all out and the new one is not in. The new men have already begun to give trouble, for Lord John Russel, would not serve under Lord Granville, and it is said that he and Lord Palmerston (who is now said to be the new Premier), hate each other as much as Drummond was said to have hated George Brown. Still it is said that for the sake of Office he will consent to serve under Lord Palmerston. I fancy that this week's PUNCH will be very amusing. The War is flourishing on the Continent and the people here think about as much of it as if it was a mere matter of amusement, got up to fill the papers with something exciting. The Queen's Ball—the Drawing-Rooms, the Theatres, and the (undecipherable) are all as regular as before and no one seems to think that England will be engaged in it.

It is the PEACE which is looked for as the trying point, the new division of the spoil. For it seems to be allowed on all sides that Austria will have to give

up her possessions in Italy, and the Petty Princes there are not safe in their portions.

M. Jackson, M.P. for (undecipherable), of Grand Trunk notoriety, being of the firm of Jackson, Petito, Brassey and Bits and one of the shareholders in the Great Eastern, invited us, that is the Speaker, Ryland, and myself, on Thursday to visit the vessel and afterwards to dine with him at the ship now at Greenwich. We accepted his invitation and were much gratified by the inspection of the greatest WONDER IN THE WORLD so far as anything afloat is concerned.

Should Noah know anything about what is going on above ground now, he would think the Ark a failure as compared to this vessel, and poor old Nelson would think a ship of a hundred and twenty guns which lies near her only fit for her tender.

I am convinced that she will be, so far as safety and speed are concerned, most successful. With plenty of sea room and while under weigh, but on a sea shore or in a fog or if compelled to come to anchor except in a harbor, I fear that her great size will render her most unwieldy.

Mr. Scott-Russel the builder, under the projector, was at our dinner party and gave us the history of the vessel from the first idea which was made public by B—to the day of our meeting and according to his description everything is going on satisfactorily toward its completion which is to be, he says, in August. They have about a thousand persons employed on board in various ways including the upholsterers who are fitting up the cabins, but I doubt much if she will be ready to

leave her moorings so soon as they contemplate doing. Her destination is to be Portland, where she is to be exhibited at one-half dollar each person.

On Wednesday we were at the Crystal Palace to see the exhibition of flowers and fruits. The flowers were certainly most beautiful, and in great profusion, and such an exhibition could only be shown in England, and in such a building. The number of people there too was astounding, but there was no confusion, no noise, everything was managed with almost military regularity. The pears looked exquisite and the flowers, or rather perfume from them, very agreeable. The peaches, nectarines, plums, grapes, figs, all very well—I have seen as good looking in Canada. So also the cherries and melons. But the strawberries were of an enormous size. Really some of them appeared as if they would scarcely go into one of your tea-cups. We had at the dinner, salmon, flounders, turbot, soles, eels and whitebait, plain and devilled. We had cherries, plums and strawberries and I must say that the fruit was the most tasteless trash I ever ate. The wine was unexceptionable but not sufficiently iced. I should like to have a well filled cellar of it in Canada and ask Jackson to drink some there to show him how the thing ought to be done. I find the Speaker expects to be SIR HENRY before he returns to Canada. But before he attains that dignity he is anxious to see all the sights and we have been THEATRICALING, but as he is not musical we have not yet been to the Opera. I was desirous of saving that expense until Coly should be with me as I do not much care for so expensive an amusement.

William writes me that he is ordered to Ayr, to undergo a system of rifle practice and that he hopes the change to the seaside will be pleasant, especially as Dr. George, has gone to Ireland and left one of his horses, in his (William's) charge.

* * * * *

I hope that my next letters may enable me to give you an account of Coly having got through his examinations creditably, but I am not quite certain if there may not be an interval of a week or two before the declarations are made known. Mr. Exby seems quite satisfied that all will go well. I am told that John Carthew is to go up again this examination so I supposed that I shall meet the Colonel who is somewhere in London but where I do not know. I have not seen old MacNab lately, so do not know whether Mrs. Henry Bolton has gone to Canada. I shall most likely be in the neighborhood of his residence and that of Mr. Hinks to-morrow and will find out. It is said that Lord (undecipherable) is to be under-secretary for the Colonies. I hope that such may be the case as his knowledge of Canada may be of service to us.

Wednesday 14th.

Coly arrived last night looking as well as possible and in good spirits—he had a young friend with him who is also to go up for examination. The affair begins to-morrow and is to be continued every day till Tuesday. So that they will be in a funk until then, and afterward till the decision is made known. The

papers to-day do not give much information as to the new ministry. I will send an evening paper which will be the latest intelligence except by telegraph to-morrow to Liverpool. I wish Mr. Meredith to ask Allan MacDonnell to send me some proof that Palliser was not the first discoverer of the Pass in the Rocky Mountains as he (MacDonnell) told me that somebody had a map of those regions which he wished the Government of Canada to purchase. The idea is here that he, P., was the first discoverer. But if not he should not have the credit of it. Tell Stephen to let me know about old ——— Williams, THE DAUPHIN.

I may add to this before the time for closing—and in the meantime let me give all manner of love to all parties and, believe me, ever your affectionate Father,

W.B.J.

P.S.—Colonel Ready has just called at the Hotel and desired to be particularly remembered to Mr. Ord. He is looking older than his father-in-law, Mr. Hincks, who dined with Smith and Ryland last night. I did not dine with them, having waited at my lodging for Coly, but we came down in the evening and found the Governor very much the worse for liquor.

The report now is that Lord Elgin is to be the Secretary of the Colonies.

CHAPTER XXV

ANXIETIES

ON his return to Canada, the Sheriff again renews his correspondence with his elder daughter.

Toronto, Monday 23rd.

My dear Child,

Dr. Gwynne announced to-day that Mr. Ormsby had proposed and had been accepted . . . Poor fool, I am sorry for him.

The town is in a great state of EXCITEMENT as the Yankees say, Mr. Greenwood having chosen to be his own executioner some twelve hours before the time fixed.

I hope that Coly's letters may not have gone down in the Bohemian. I think we should hear about this time, but I do not know his address, and his letters must go to COX, the agent of the Regt. I really do not know about going to Quebec. The money is wanted here and at Seaforth, and I really cannot spare it, even if I had it. I have not fallen upon any plan for William, a wife and two babies are rather serious things in any arrangement and here there is no opening for anything. Should the new railroad to Halifax be undertaken perhaps something may turn up.

The weather here is again like summer, we had a few

days of very cold weather. I am told that the quantity of snow at Quebec is sufficient for all Canada.

God Bless you, my child,

Ever your affectionate Father,

W.B.J.

Toronto, 23rd May, 1860

My dear Fanny,

I have just heard from William and Colborne. They both write in great spirits, William says that his passage to England was most delightful. No high winds, and no adverse winds. He further says that he is determined to remain in the Army for at least another year.

Coly is in (undecipherable) and I will send you his letter after they have seen it at Rosedale. He was in London on his Birthday, and wrote on that day.

He had seen and dined with the Judge and Mrs. Meredith and had a peep at the Queen at the Adelphi Theatre. He is under orders for Headquarters and his only fear is that he may have a countermand. The 87th is of course the finest Regiment in the service.

We have had a few days of cold here, but it is again mild. They are digging in the garden at Rosedale. I am just going out to advise and assist. They are all well. Mr. Ord has gone to the West for a few days on business with a ————— for whom he is acting.

Kiss the chicks and give my best regards to Miss Burton.

Ever yours,

MRS. MEREDITH.

W. B. JARVIS.

P.S.—I am getting so fat that I can scarcely get down to tie my shoes and my weight is over ten pounds more than I ever weighed before. My active habits are, however, about the same.

Anxiety over the delay of letters from Coly prevented the Sheriff from taking a trip to New Brunswick with a party of friends.

Toronto, 7th August, 1861.

My dear Fanny,

I this morning received a letter from Colborne, dated the 17th July and had I received it yesterday I should possibly have left last night to overtake Mr. Todd and have gone on my contemplated trip to New Brunswick. The latter was brought out by the Norwegian and in consequence of that vessel having got aground did not reach here till this day. Coly writes in good spirits having got his money and which he says was quite necessary as he was on his last legs. I was so anxious, not having heard from him that I could not make up my mind to leave home in an uncertain state as to his CONDITION, and now that I know that he is alright I do not even care that I have been disappointed in a trip which I have long contemplated. I cannot now overtake the party and consequently give up the trip.

I have just been out to Rosedale to inform Louisa and set her mind at rest. She and the children miss Sarah and her belongings who are at Mrs. (undecipherable) and where they remain till Saturday and then intend to proceed to Mr. St. George's, where they will

remain till Monday. Mr. Ord returned to-day and said that they were all very jolly. They all, including Miss MacNab, who was also at Mr. Wildham's, made a tour of Lake Simcoe yesterday and had a pleasant trip.

I saw Mrs. Gwynne a day or two ago, she, poor thing, had not got over her fright (and I can well conceive it) of the house being struck with lightning about eleven o'clock p.m. on the night of Tuesday of last week. The new edifice was nearly . . . to fire the chimney shattered, and a dog killed. The different parties, who, it appears, occupied different rooms cried out to each other that they were each respectively alive and they have only to moan over a shattered house, and a dead dog.

I had not seen the Dr. but shall probably accompany Louisa there to-morrow. Poor Mrs. Gwynne, between the elements and the people from Brooks Bush, who have taken up their residence on the Dr's. land, is nearly distracted.

George Murray Jarvis stayed with me one night on his way to London. He says, and I afterwards had it confirmed by Mr. Todd, that Miss FitzGerald is again in a very bad way, probably soon to cease to live.

I have been fortunate, I think, in the woman I took as cook, she appears to be most economical, and has made lots of strawberry and raspberry preserves, so that Maggie when she returns may go into the SOCIETY LINE to her heart's content. Lou is to dine with me to-morrow if I do not go to Barrie, and if I do, then she will lunch here by herself.

I have not been at all well in consequence of the great heat. The rain to-day has made a great change and the

atmosphere is quite cool. My bathroom has been a luxury to me. Tell Maggie that Mrs. Murray invited us all to the wedding, but as poor old Tom Ridout was to be buried the day following that on which the wedding took place and as I intended to attend his funeral in my Masonic frippery, to pay the last tribute of respect to him who had initiated me into the mysteries of the craft I thought that the appearance of the (undecipherable) would not exactly be correct. I am told, however, that there were some at both places, who bore the name of Ridout.

Give my love to Maggie, and the Captain and kiss the children for your affectionate Daddy.

Has Mr. Meredith informed the Provost that Coly is stationed in Dublin?

* * * * *

Mr. Meredith's relations lived in Dublin and of the meeting of them, Mrs. Meredith writes quite fully in her recollections.

I went on to Dublin where I was introduced to many delightful relations, Doctor MacDonnell the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Mrs. MacDonnell, and Aunt and Uncle John Meredith and Richard Meredith, Edmund's elder brother, and many other friends.

I must mention an amusing incident which happened at dinner at the Provosts. We were dining in the handsome dining room, with a large party of relatives and guests and the guests were enjoying the family meeting when the dessert, wine, etc., were placed on the table.

The old butler gravely handed a sugar bowl to the Provost who placed some pieces of sugar on his bald head, the butler then opened the door of the Parrot's cage, the bird incontinently flew out and perched on the Provost's head and ate the sugar. The dear and handsome old man did not appear to notice the parrot but continued his conversation.



*General Williams, Hero of "Kars," presents prizes to Militia,
Rosedale, October 23rd, 1861.*

Photo by Wm. Armstrong, Toronto.

CHAPTER XXVI

"THE VETERANS OF 1812"

ON October 23rd, 1861, Rosedale was again the scene of a large gathering, the last of any note to take place there and a touch of sadness falls upon it all, a sigh from out the shadows near which the Sheriff is standing is heard perhaps by him, as memory quickened by circumstance retints the sunshine of past summer days.

Upon the broad lawn of Rosedale a remarkable collection of people assembled, many old or aging men in uniforms that seem *quaint* to the smart recruit of '61, but the old men wear their uniforms with all the airs of the latest subaltern. They have cause to bear themselves proudly and the memories of past hardships, of battles fought and won, are recounted or remembered by each and all. The War of 1812 may never be included among the *great* events of history but nevertheless its engagements, its tragedies and its glories have not been forgotten.

Of that assemblage two pictures have remained to us and an account taken from the *Toronto Globe* of the following that is worth quoting.

The distribution of the prizes won at the late rifle match upon the Garrison Common, was effected yesterday at Rosedale, Yorkville. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the gathering was not large. Some

ladies were present, and by their countenance added to the value of the awards won by the riflemen.

General Williams and Colonel Rollo kindly patronized the distribution. The Sheriff, Mr. Jarvis, the Deputy Sheriff, Mr. Skinner, Honourable G. W. Allan the Mayor of Toronto and Mr. John A. Donaldson were among the spectators. Mr. Armstrong first arranged the winners of the prizes, and about a dozen of the Veterans of 1812 who were present, in two groups, and took a photograph of them, but we fear the gloomy atmosphere prevented his obtaining a good picture. That operation over, the successful competitors drew near to the balcony of the house, and having answered to their names, were arranged in a line.

The purses, we are happy to say, have all been made up. The prizes were distributed by Colonel Jarvis, Colonel Thompson, Major Dennis, Dr. McCaul and General Williams.

* * * * *

On July 26th, 1864, the Sheriff whose health had been failing for some time, passed peacefully away at Rosedale.

* * * * *

In this swift moving twentieth century when family ties appear to have loosened their hold upon the hearts of old and young, the letters of William Botsford Jarvis contain one great outstanding example for all who care to follow.

It is an example of unselfish devotion to his family, loyalty and pride in his Country and faith in her future greatness.

A member of the family compact he certainly was; but the Family Compact was the stout retaining wall to a too-hurried tide of ill-prepared change, and were Sheriff Jarvis to return to-day, we believe that he would stand as unswervingly for all that is biggest and best in Imperialism, as he did then and that he would be now, as he was then—A Great Canadian.

PERSONNEL OF GROUP PHOTOS.

From left to right—1. Colonel George Guggin; 2. The Rev. George Ryerson; 3. William Roe; 4. Jacob Snider; 5. James Richardson; 6. Joseph Dennis; 7. J. Woodall; 8. J. Ross; 9. Colonel Bridgford; 10. George Ridout.

The photograph from which this picture was taken, 23rd October, 1861, at Rosedale, Toronto, at distribution of prizes of Fifth Militia District Rifle Association. The prizes presented by General Williams, the hero of Kars.

(1) George Duggan, an early resident of York and Toronto, had a general store at corner of King and George Streets, 1833-4. Was Colonel in Militia, Coroner, and a member of the first City Council, elected 1834, when he was chosen as an alderman for St. Lawrence Ward. Uncle of late Recorder Duggan of Toronto. Died in Toronto, 1863.

(2) Rev. Geo. Ryerson, Lieutenant, 1st Norfolk Regiment, and afterwards in the Incorporated Militia of Upper Canada. Served with Brock at taking of Detroit. Took part at Stoney Creek, Beaver Dams and Lundy's Lane. Commanded outpost east of Don in Rebellion of 1837. Died 19th December, 1882.

(3) William Roe, at one time largely engaged in the fur trade, was a merchant in Newmarket. When York (Toronto) was taken in 1813 he saved from capture a considerable part of the public funds.



*Veterans of 1812 at Rosedale.
October 23rd, 1861.*

At that time he was an employee in the office of the Receiver-General.

(4) Jacob Snider, was born in New Brunswick, 6th May, 1790. Volunteered for service in War of 1812, and accompanied Brock to Detroit. Was prominent in pressing into service teams of horses for conveying stores, ammunition and troops to Holland Landing and other places.

(5) James Richardson was born in Kingston, U.C., 1791, and died 1875. As Master of warship he was at Oswego, captured by British, May 6th 1834. He became a Methodist Minister, and was subsequently stationed at York and other places.

(6) Joseph Dennis, son of John Dennis, a United Empire Loyalist from Nova Scotia, owned and commanded a vessel on Lake Ontario in 1812. When the War broke out he and his ship were attached to the Provincial Marine. His vessel was captured and he became a prisoner of War for fifteen months. He subsequently commanded the *Princess Charlotte*.

(7) William J. Woodall, about 1800, was captured by a press gang, and forced into the Naval Service. Served for several years, left the Service as a petty officer. Came to Canada, 1807. Fought at Queens-ton Heights. He settled at Kingston, and about 1825 came to York (Toronto) where he carried on a confectionery business for many years. Died 17th February, 1862.

(8) James Ross, was taken prisoner at the capitulation of York, 27th April, 1813. After the war he

settled on a farm in York township, residing there until 1858, when he came to Toronto. Ten years later he died in Newmarket, Ontario.

(9) Colonel David Bridgeford, one of the first members of Richmond Lodge, A.F. & A.M., Richmond Hill, and was appointed Colonel of the sedentary militia by the government, and as Captain of the 3rd Incorporated Militia of Canada. Served in War of 1812, at York, Detroit, Chippawa, Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie. Was active in Rebellion of 1837, taken prisoner and sentenced to be hanged, but was liberated. Died at Richmond Hill, October 1868.

(10) George Ridout, born 1791, barrister-at-law, was second son of the Honourable Thomas Ridout, Receiver-General. He was lieutenant in the Corps of the York Militia, fought at Queenston Heights, 1812, and in 1813 was made a prisoner-of-war at York. Died at Clinton 1871.

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"ALBION", 49.
ALLAN, MR. GEORGE.
ALLEN, MR., 141.
ANDERSON, CAPT., 129, 130, 132, 135, 136, 142.
ANDERSON, MAJOR, 119.
ARCHIBALD, MRS., 239
ARMSTRONG, MR., 264.
ARNOLD, MR., 232.
ARTHUR, SIR GEORGE, 150, 151, 152, 153.
- BACK, CAPT., 99, 110.
BAINBRIGGE, MR., 156.
BAINS, MR. & MRS., 156.
BALDWIN, ANNE, 157.
BALDWIN, MRS. CAPT., 100.
BALDWIN, ROBERT, 61, 93, 136, 138.
BARBER, G. A., 99, 100.
BELLINGHAM, 128, 129.
BERNARD, MRS., 185.
BETHUNE, REV. MRS., 89.
BIDWELL, BARNABAS, 88, 97, 136.
BILLINGS, MR. & MRS., 156.
BITS, (Jackson, Petito, Brassey and Bits), 252.
BLACKBIRD, CHIEF, 119, 120.
BLOCK HOUSE HILL, 221.
BLOOR, MR., 17.
BLOOR'S POND, 141.
BLOOR STREET, 138, 202.
BLUE HILL, 13, 128.
BOLTON, JUSTICE, 16, 243.
BOLTON, MRS. WILLIAM, 189.
BONNYCASTLE, CAPT., 82, 117, 170.
BOSTON, 91.
BOULTON, DARCY, 112.
BOVELL, DR., 205.
BRASSEY, 252.
BREBOEUF, 77.
BRIDGEFORD, COLONEL, 266.
BROADFOOT, MRS., 234.
BROCK, ———, 128, 129.
BROCK, DR., 212.

- BROCK, GENERAL, 42.
BROWN, MARY, 178.
BRUCE, COLONEL AND MRS., 199.
"BUCHANAN'S", 89.
BUCHANAN, CAPT., 156.
BURLINGTON, 89, 90.
BURTON, FRANCES, 193, 246.
BURTON, ROBT., 232, 235.
BY, COLONEL JOHN, 81, 82, 83.
"BYTOWN", 82, 85, 87, 98, 200.

"CAER HOWELL", 230.
CAMERON, D., 44.
CAMERON, MISS, 156.
"CANADA COMPANY", 69.
CAROLINE, QUEEN, 56.
CARRUTHERS, MR., 229.
CARTHEW, JOHN, 255.
CARTWRIGHT, RICHARD, 46, 47, 55.
CAYLEY, FRANK, 99, 100, 112, 114.
CHAMPLAIN, LAKE, 89.
"CHARLEY", 130, 132, 133, 183, 191, 215.
"CHESAPEAKE", 25.
CHISHOLME, COLONEL, 148.
CHRISTIAN ISLANDS, THE, 102.
"CITY OF TORONTO", 203.
CLARKE, DR.
CLOVER HILL, 17.
COBB, MAJOR, 110.
COLBORNE, ———, 119.
COLBORNE, SIR JOHN, 115, 155.
COLBORNE, SIR JOHN AND LADY, 157.
COLONIST.
CONSTANCE, LAKE, 88.
CORBOLD, MR., 156.
COTTON, CAPTAIN, 199.
CRAMPTON, MR., 247.
CRYSTAL PALACE, 254.

DALHOUSIE, LORD, 61.
DALRYMPLE, SIR HUGH, 208.
DALY, MR. D., 245.
DAVENPORT ROAD, 18.
DENNIS, JOSEPH, 266.
DENNIS, MAJOR, 264.
DESCHENES, LAKE, 86.

DICKSON, MR., 188.
DONALDSON, MR. JOHN A., 264.
DRAPER, MR., 62, 124, 125.
DRAPER, MRS., 189.
DRUMMOND.
DUNN, MR., 87.

EARLES, CAPT.
ELGIN, LADY, 199.
ELGIN, LORD, 199, 250, 256.
ESTEN, MR. & MRS., 156.
EMILIE, QUEEN, 179, 180, 181.
ENGLISH, MISS JANE, 49, 50.
ESTEN, MAJOR, 188.
ELMSLEY, MR. & MRS., 156.
EXBY, MR., 255.

FAMILY COMPACT, 16, 65, 76, 97.
FARQUHARSON, COLONEL, 156.
FITZGERALDS, 260.
FITZGIBBON, COLONEL, 95, 128, 130, 131, 143, 147, 246.
FOSTER, MR. & MRS., 156.
FOULDS, MR., 176.
FRANK, MR., 189.
FRANKLIN, SIR JOHN, 98.
FRONT STREET, 13, 16, 31, 130, 134, 137.

GALLAGHER, MR., 216.
GALLOW HILL, 141, 144.
"GIANTS TOMB", 101, 102.
"GIBBS", 89.
GIBSON, MR., 149.
GILPIN, MISS, 218.
GIVENS, MISS, 185.
GODERICH, 93.
GOGUEL, CLEMENCE, 182.
GOGUEL, M. DE ATTELOUS.
GORE, GOVERNOR, 27, 55.
GRANT, MRS. ALEC., 184.
GRANT, ALLAN 157.
GRANT, CAPTAIN, 199.
GRAVE, MR. LE ———, 20b.
GRANVILLE, LORD, 252.
"GREAT EASTERN", 251, 252.
"GREAT WESTERN", 174.
GREENWOOD, 257.

- GREGG, ———, 190.
GREVILLE, CHARLES, 122.
GRIFFIN, MISS, 188.
GROUGH, MR. S., 156.
GRUNN, 180.
GUGGIN, COLONEL GEORGE, 266.
GWYNNE, DR., 134, 137, 140, 141, 179, 194, 230, 257.
GWYNNE, MRS. ELIZA ANN, 213, 260.
GWYNNE, JOHN, 157, 187, 189.
GWYNNE, MRS. JOHN, 107.
GZOWSKI, MR., 234.
- HAGERMAN, 75, 87.
HAGERMAN, MRS., 188.
HAGERTY, MR., 212.
HAGGERTY, JUDGE, 157.
HAMILTON, ARCHBISHOP (of Ottawa).
HAMILTON, GEORGE, 198, 199.
HAMPTON COURT PALACE, 178.
HANNIGAN, ROSE, 126.
HARDINGE, "GIANT", 192.
HARMON, MR., 212.
HARRIS, 178.
"HAZELBURN", 156.
HEAD, SIR EDMUND, 237.
HEAD, SIR FRANCIS BOND, 97, 116, 127, 131, 133, 135, 137,
143, 147, 148, 149, 150.
HENNIKER, 91.
HEWARD, AUGUSTUS, 193.
HEWARD, MRS., 214.
HILLIER, MAJOR, 16.
HILLIER, MRS., 185.
HILTON, MR., 202.
HILLSTER, ———, 74.
HINKS, GOVERNOR, 250, 251, 255, 256.
HOLLAND, LORD, 32.
HORNE, DR., 18, 139, 141.
HOWE, LORD, 24.
HUDSON BAY CO., 104, 107.
HURD, MISS, 156.
HURD, TOM, 184.
- INDIA, 167.
IRVING, MR., 212.
- JACKSON, GENERAL, 90.

- JACKSON, MR., 251, 253.
"JACKSON, OLD", 99, 100.
JACQUES & HAY, 204.
JAMESON, MRS., 116, 117, 118, 120, 155.
JAMESON, MR. SPEAKER, 116.
JARVIS, (AMELIA GLOVER), 23, 43.
JARVIS, MISS BELL, 75, 92, 112, 113.
JARVIS, COLBORNE, 190, 234, 236, 252, 255, 258, 259, 261.
JARVIS, COLONEL STEPHEN, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 42.
JARVIS, EMILY, 205.
JARVIS, FANNY, 125, 140, 157, 177, 180, 183, 185, 191, 192, 194, 198, 202, 252.
JARVIS, GEORGE, 21, 41, 42, 43, 63, 74, 93, 94, 195, 198, 230.
JARVIS, GEORGE MURRAY, 260.
JARVIS, LOUISA, 177, 192, 199, 205, 233, 237, 259.
JARVIS, MARY, 18, 20, 21, 22, 99, 122, 123, 125, 133, 156, 157, 167, 171, 174, 179, 182, 195, 198, 202, 212, 213, 218, 221.
JARVIS, SAM, JR., 184.
JARVIS, SAMUEL PETERS, 17, 56, 58, 83, 85, 86, 98, 99, 118, 119, 120, 121, 148, 188, 264.
JARVIS, SARAH, 181, 207, 233.
JARVIS, STARR, 63.
JARVIS, WILLIAM, JR., 257.
JARVIS, WILLIAM BOTSFORD, (SHERIF), 17, 18, 20, 21, 41, 43, 44, 57, 58, 60, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72, 94, 95, 112, 128, 133, 134, 135, 141, 143, 145, 153, 157, 163, 164, 167, 173, 182, 187, 189, 192, 211, 244, 264.
"JOHN BULL" (Steamer), 88.
JONES, MR. FORD, 156.
JONES, MRS. JUSTICE, 225.
"JULIET", 207, 215, 218.

KEEFER, MR., 226.
KEMBLE, FANNY, 200.
KENT, MR., 100.
KINGCOMBE, CAPT., 186, 187.
KINGSTON, 87.

"LEANDER", 29.
LEE, MR., 156.
LEFOY, CAPT., 212.
LEMORANDIER, 104.
LENNOX, LADY MARY LOUISE, 51.
LENNOX LORD WILLIAM, 51.
LESLIE, GENERAL, 24.

- LIND, JENNY, 203, 204, 206, 220.
LORING, MR., 214.
LOT STREET, 16.
LOUIS PHILLIPPE, KING, 167, 180, 181.
LOUNT, COLONEL, 127, 139, 140, 141, 144, 150, 151, 152, 153
154.

MACCAULAY, CAPT., 156.
MACDONALD, MISS, 156.
MACDONALD, (WHARFINGER), 128.
MACDONNELL, ALLAN, 256.
MACDONELL, BISHOP, 55.
MACDONNELL, DR., 261.
MACDONNELL, SIR RICHARD.
MACKAY, HON. THOMAS, 86.
MACNAB, ALLAN, 147, 255.
MACNAB, MISS, 260.
MACON, 89.
MACKENZIE, WILLIAM LYON, 65, 76, 97, 127, 128, 130, 133,
135, 139, 150.
MACTURK, MISS, 192.
MADELAINE, 204, 208.
MAITLAND, SIR PEREGRINE, 16, 44, 53.
MAITLAND, LADY SARAH, 53.
MAITLAND, STREET, 143.
MARCH, TOWNSHIP OF, 86.
MARKS, JOHN, 246.
MARTELLI, M. UBICHINI, 182.
MASON, 218.
MATHEW, FATHER, 170.
MATHEWS, 150, 151, 152, 154.
MAULE, ARTHUR, 176, 188, 235.
MAULE, COLONEL, 26, 43, 112, 115, 191.
MAULE, FANNY JARVIS, 92, 172, 176, 191.
MC CARTHY, DR., 181.
MCCAUL, DR., 264.
MCCAULEY, JAMES, 16, 73.
MCGEE, ANNE, 202.
MCGRATH, MAJOR & MRS., 156.
MCLEAN, MR. J., 68, 70.
MCMURRAY, REV. MR., 101, 109, 110, 119.
MEREDITH, EDMUND ALLEN, 200, 201, 207, 256.
MEREDITH, (MRS. FANNY JARVIS), 215, 236, 257, 261.
MEREDITH, JOHN.
MEREDITH, RICHARD.
MEREDITH, WILLIAM, 193, 194, 231, 258.

- MIRANDA, 29, 30.
MITCHELL, GENERAL, 232.
MOLSON, MR., 239.
MONTGOMERY, 129, 137, 148, 149.
MONTPELIER.
MONTREAL, 193.
MOODIE, COLONEL, 129, 131, 137.
MURRAY, JAMES, 177, 191.
MURRAY, MR., 49, 50, 124, 125.
MURRAY, MR., 184, 218.
MURRAY, SHAFTER, 124.
- NANTON, MR. AUGUSTUS, 236, 237.
NASH, MR., 234.
NELLES, ROBERT, 45.
NELLES, MRS. ROBERT, 46.
NEMOURS, DUC DE, 179.
NIAGARA FALLS, 203, 207.
NORDHEIMER, 223.
- O'BRIEN, DR. & MRS., 156.
OLD JOSH, 202.
OLIVER, CORNELIUS, 70, 71.
ORD, MR., 246, 256, 258, 260.
OREGON QUESTION, 169.
- PAKENHAM, LORD, 169.
PALMERSTON, LORD, 252.
PALLISER, 256.
PARKMAN, 77.
PARRY, MR., 212.
"PATRIOT", THE, 144, 158.
PAULS, WM., 188.
PAYTON, ———, 216.
PINHEY, 85, 86, 88.
"PHOENIX".
POCK, CAPT., 156.
POLK, PRESIDENT, 169.
POWELL, ANNE, 48.
POWELL, ANNE MURRAY, 14, 16, 17, 21, 31, 46, 48, 49, 52,
123, 134, 171, 173, 175, 192, 196.
POWELL, AUNT MARY, 49, 56.
POWELL, GRANT, 51, 188, 194.
POWELL, MRS. GRANT, 194.
POWELL, JEREMIAH, 28, 29, 30.
POWELL, JOHN, 31, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 134, 135.

- POWELL, MARY, 45, 49, 50, 53, 56, 58.
POWELL, SARAH STEVENSON, 46.
POWELL, THOMAS.
POWELL, WILLIAM DUMMER, JR., 45, 46, 59.
POWELL, WILLIAM DUMMER, CHIEF JUSTICE, 15, 30, 31, 32,
47, 49, 57, 59.
PRICE, MR. HARVEY, 136, 194.
PRINCE ALBERT, 251.
PRINCE OF WALES, 176.
- QUEEN STREET, 16.
RACHAEL, 180.
RAIN, MAJOR, 101.
READY, COLONEL, 256.
RED LION TAVERN, 17.
REES, DR., 99, 100, 226.
"REES ISLAND", 106.
RICHMOND, DUKE OF, 51, 52.
RICHARDSON, JAMES, 266.
RICHARDSON, MR., 154.
"RICHMOND LANDING", 82.
RIDOUT, ———, 99, 100.
RIDOUT, GEORGE, 266.
RIDOUT, TOM, 261.
RIDOUT, JOHN, 17.
RIDOUT, MRS. & MISS, 156.
RIDOUT'S HARDWARE STORE, 16.
ROBERTS, MR., 156.
ROBINSON, MRS. JOHN, 214.
ROBINSON, PETER, 98, 99, 100.
ROBINSON, MR., 61.
ROBINSON, MRS. WILLIAM, 197.
ROBINSON, J. B., 44, 98, 128.
ROE, WILLIAM, 266.
ROLLO, COLONEL, 264.
ROLPH, DR., 136, 137, 138.
ROLPH DR. 136, 137, 138.
ROSE CHERIE, 180.
ROSEDALE, 16, 18, 20, 21, 23, 60, 88, 113, 128, 133, 137, 139,
140, 156, 157, 158, 190, 202, 211, 220, 229, 238, 263,
264.
ROSS, J., 266.
ROSS, SIR JOHN, 99.
ROUMANIA, 182.
ROUMANIA, KING OF, 182.
ROUSES POINT, 89.

ROUMANIA, QUEEN OF, 182.
ROWAN, COLONEL, 65, 66, 67, 72.
RUNCHEY'S, 46.
RUSSEL, LORD JOHN, 252.
RYLAND, MR., 245, 253.
RYERSON, REV. GEORGE, 266.

ST. GEORGE, MR., 259.
ST. JOHNS, 89.
SAND HILLS, 17.
"SARAH SANDS", 187.
SCHRIEBER, MR., 234.
SCHRODER, MR., 124.
SCOTT-RUSSEL, MR., 253.
SECORD, MR., 72.
SEIBY, ———, 74.
SEYMOUR, HENRY, 231.
SHAFTER, MR., 218.
"SHANNON", 25.
SHEAFFE, SIR R., 42.
SHERWOOD, A., 64, 197.
SHERWOOD, EDWARD, 200.
SHERWOOD, MR. & MRS., 156.
SHERWOOD, PERCY, 200.
SIKH WAR, 167.
SKINNER, MR., 264.
SMALL, JAMES E., MR., 20, 43, 61, 94, 217.
SMITH, COLONEL, 27.
SMITH, MR. SPEAKER, 247, 250, 251, 252, 253.
SNIDER, JACOB, 266.
SQUIRES, MR., 214.
STEAMBOAT HOTEL, 73.
STEVENSON, ELLEN, 46.
STEVENSON, SARAH, 45, 59.
STEWART, DR., 41, 83.
STEWART, MARY, 214.
STRACHAN, BISHOP, 15, 16, 41, 54, 55, 76, 116, 128, 210, 211,
212.
STRACHAN, MRS.
STRANGE, MRS., 188.
STUART, CARRO, 248.
— SUBY, 74.

TARBUTT, MR., 156.
TECUMSEH, TOWNSHIP OF, 78.
"TINY", 183, 191, 208, 215.

- THOMPSON, ———, 88.
THOMPSON, COLONEL, 264.
THORBORN, ———, 124.
TIERS, MR., 17.
TODD, MR., 187, 230, 259.
"TOM THUMB, GENERAL", 167.
"TORONTO", 96, 118, 132, 134, 143, 155, 178, 193, 199, 200
244.
TRINITY COLLEGE, 210.

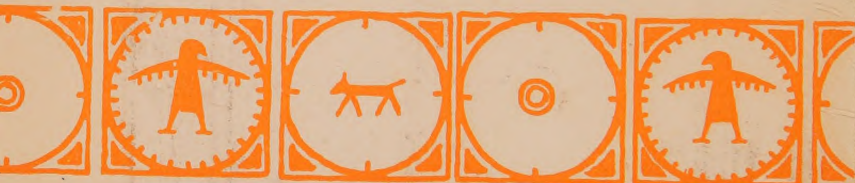
VAN EGMOND, COLONEL, 148.
VAN RANSAELIER, MRS., 205.
VICTORIA, QUEEN, 167, 170, 176, 250, 252, 258.

"WALKERS", 89.
WASHINGTON, GENERAL, 25.
WATSON, MR., 156.
WEBSTER, MRS., 194.
WELLS.
WELLS, COLONEL, 158.
WELLS, GEORGE, 157.
WELLS, MRS., 172, 178, 185.
WELLS, ROBERT, 178, 205.
WHITTAKER, MR., 212.
WIDDER, MRS., 234.
WIDDER, MR., 189.
WILDHAM, MR., 260.
WILLIAMS, GENERAL, 264.
WILLIAMS, MR., 181.
WILSON, 21, 134, 140, 141.
WINSTANLEY, MR., 188.
WOODHALL, J., 266.

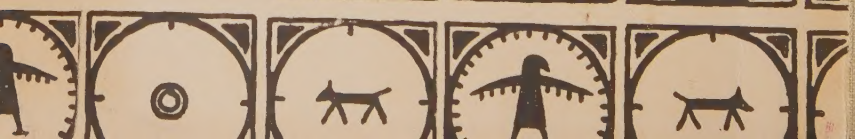
YONGE STREET, 13, 16, 17, 131, 134, 141, 143.
YORK, 13, 16, 17, 19, 26, 48, 50, 59, 76, 87, 95, 129.
YORKVILLE, 16, 17.
YOUNG, MR., 240.



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